

SIGEVART,

A TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

By H. L.

VOL. II.

CHELSEA:

PRINTED BY D. JAQUES;
FOR G. POLIDORI.

1799.

(Entered at Stationer's Hall.)

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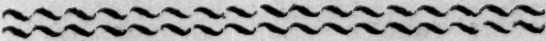
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SIGEVART.



THE next day Kronhelm, Theresa, and her brother were invited to breakfast with Charles; they did not receive much pleasure from their visit, for they felt themselves under considerable restraint. Charles's wife appeared to observe Kronhelm's affection for Theresa and seemed jealous of her. The poor girl was obliged to endure a multitude of satirical observations. Her sister in law related with a great deal of emphasis, the history of an unfortunate marriage between a gentleman of noble birth, and a farmer's daughter; and seeing Theresa look at her, concluded by saying, that the same thing would happen to all girls who attempted to raise them.

selves above their proper rank. Kronhelm was angry, and rose to go away; Miss Theresa, said he, you have, I think, some business this morning, and if we mean to call on the bailiff of Balledorf before dinner, it is time for us to be going, for I have something to do myself. The wife of Charles became still more angry, and, as soon as the young people were gone, began upon her husband.—Your sister will come to a fine pass, said she; she fancies she has caught her fool of a gentleman, and is already as proud as a woman of quality; but he will do as all of his rank do, and will leave her in the lurch as she deserves. Your father ought to be ashamed of himself, to suffer such things. But I will speak to him to day, and tell him to watch his daughter and take these foolish ideas out of her head. Charles did not appear vexed with his sister; for he thought that if she married a man of fortune, she would not

want any part of her father's property. He therefore took his resolution, and paid no attention to the upbraidings of his wife. While the young people, however, were gone to pay their visit at Balledorf, this envious woman went to her father-in-law's, to blast the happiness of the two lovers. The old man, who loved both his daughter and the young Kronhelm, was alarmed at the danger he ran, and which she magnified as much as possible. He had a good opinion of his daughter, and said she would do nothing dishonourable. She will destroy your happiness, said his daughter-in-law. I know M. de Veit, he is quite infatuated to nobility; and if he were to hear of this, you, your son, and your daughter would have every thing to fear. I know that he intends his son shall marry a young lady of high rank, whom he will be forced to take, whether he will or no. What will become of your daughter then? Is she to be his mis-

tress. I would seriously advise you to speak to her, to use your authority as a father, and forbid her to keep company with this young man any longer, as it may hinder her from meeting with an eligible match. For what will the world say, if they live upon such a familiar footing? The good Sigevart turned over all this in his mind. Many things in the behaviour of his daughter and Kronhelm struck him in a new light. He was much disturbed, thinking how he should save Theresa, without vexing Kronhelm, whom he highly esteemed. At length he determined to take the first opportunity of speaking to her and her brother. They returned well pleased with their visit, and during dinner talked of the pleasure they had enjoyed in their morning's excursion, thinking to amuse the old man. Yet he appeared serious and even melancholy; sometimes looking, with an air of compassion, at Theresa. She observed it, and grew thoughtful, endeavour-

ing, but in vain, to discover what had vexed her father. After dinner she walked into the garden with Kronhelm; she acquainted him with her apprehensions of having offended her father, and said she should not be easy till she knew the reason. She did not remain long in the garden, but went to her father's room; who was glad that she had come of her own accord. Where is Xavier, said he?—I fancy with Mr. Kronhelm—I wish you to call him; I have something to say to you. She soon returned with her brother.—My dear girl, said her father, in a voice full of tenderness, I have to day discovered something which gives me much uneasiness on your account. I hope you will be sincere with me; you know my child, I am your father, and your friend.—Yes, answered Theresa, trembling, and in tears.—SIGEVART. I have been told that you take much pleasure in the company of Kronhelm. Is it true?—THERESA. I cannot deny, that I like to be with him; I hope

you will not be angry at that papa.—

SIGEVART. No my dear; but I fear lest that should not be all! do

you love him?—THERESA. Excuse

me papa—I do not know—if I love

him—I cannot immediately tell—I

have not thought about it myself—I

may be so—but I assure you, I do

not know myself yet.—SIGEVART.

Very well my dear; be easy; I do

not wish to oblige you to con-

fess! It is enough! my conjec-

tures appear sufficiently well founded.

THERESA. Oh heaven! I hope father

you think nothing amiss of me. I can

assure you, by all that is most sacred,

that my conscience is pure. Heaven

knows that no criminal idea ever came

into my mind, when I was in his

company. I had rather die.—XAVIER.

I can assure you she speaks the truth.

SIGEVART. Peace, my children,

peace! what need of protestations?

How could I entertain such a suspi-

cion? My daughter, I know your

innocence; but that is not the thing

in question,—tis your happiness,

which is dear to me beyond expression. Think, my dear girl, what an embarrassing situation you would be in, if you loved Mr. Kronhelm. Do not mistake me ; I most certainly have no objection to him ; he is a young man, whom I love, and, if he were of your own rank, I should be glad to unite you immediately, and give you my blessing. But recollect that he is of an ancient and noble family. You know what people of rank are ; he may not resemble them ; but that is nothing to the purpose. His father, or some of his family, may have the prejudices of their birth. They would not give their consent even if he loved you, and then they may perhaps prevail on him to change his opinion ; men are inconstant.—XAVIER. No, father, Kronhelm is not ; I can assure you that what he has once resolved.....SIGEVART. Admirable ! But you are not yet sufficiently acquainted with mankind ; and besides, as I have said, it does not depend upon him ; he is not his own master ; it

would be precipitating himself into an abyss of misfortunes.—THERESA.

Heaven forbid ! I had rather be miserable myself, a thousand times, if necessary.—SIGEVART. You are

too impatient my dear ; you must reflect a little, in order to understand what I have yet to say to you. Examine your heart ; see if you can live without him. If you can renounce him ?

You weep Theresa: poor child, I pity you ! have you yet spoken of love ?

THERESA. Not at all ; I have only told him, that I had a great esteem for him, and he has told me the same thing.—SIGEVART. I fear my children,

that your hearts are strongly attached to each other. Believe me

Theresa, I love you more than myself ;

I should be very happy if you could be united to Kronhelm ; but I see many obstacles.—XAVIER. Permit

me to say, father, that if Kronhelm really loves my sister, he will make her happy : I know him, and I know what he is capable of. There are few

men like him.—SIGEVART. That

only brings us back to the old story. If it depended on him. But as I have already said, that is not the case; he is young, and his father is still living.—XAVIER. But he is firm in his resolutions, and has fixed principles.—SIGEVART. Granted that he has principles; so has nobility; all that I can do for you Theresa, is to warn you as a father, if you mean to be happy, to be on your guard against love, and to keep your liberty as long as you can. I will not hinder you from seeing Kronhelm; it would be cruel; and only encrease your passion. But if my advice, my entreaties, and my affection have any influence over you, endeavour to console yourself, and to change your love into friendship. I know what it will cost you! But better do it now than when it will be too late; think yourself of the danger you were in, and see if the advice I have given you, is not good and worthy of an affectionate father. THERESA. Yes, father, I see it is, and

thank you for it; I will do all I can to follow it.—SIGEVART. But you must act with prudence, and not offend him; he does not deserve it. Xavier can take an opportunity of speaking to him; but not yet. Avoid so frequently being alone with him; do not regard the satisfaction of the moment, but think of the future consequences, which would be fatal to the happiness of both. I shall prescribe you nothing in this respect. I will never force you to marry any one. I depend upon your prudence. God give you strength and heal the wound in your heart.—Theresa kissed his hand, and retired to give vent to her tears. It was then she felt, for the first time, how much her heart was attached to Kronhelm. At one moment, she resolved to banish him from her heart, and to shun his company as much as possible; but the image of her lover soon dispersed all her resolutions. Yet, when she recollected the counsels and the entreaties of her father, her determination to follow

them resumed the ascendancy. She passed the whole night in these struggles. In the mean time, Xavier, who was too sincere and delicate in his friendship, to conceal what had passed, conversed on the subject with Kronhelm. He was much affected, and wanted to fly immediately to Theresa. He was penetrated with grief at what she suffered on his account. At length, Sigevart calmed him a little, and he went to bed. During the whole night he thought of Theresa. He foresaw the difficulties he should have to encounter; but they all vanished before her image. He awoke early, and his reflections began afresh. He was still more sensible of the difficulty of possessing Theresa, and determined to proceed with circumspection. He went down into the parlour to wait for Theresa, who had not passed the night more tranquilly than himself. In order to obey her father, she had determined to treat Kronhelm with more coolness. Ten times did she open the

door to go into the parlour, and as often closed it again with trembling. At length she entered, and seeing Kronhelm, was going to draw back again. He went up to her and took her hand. Are you going out again, said he?—No! (after a long silence) ah Kronhelm! if you knew.—I know all. But if you love me Theresa.—Ah! Kronhelm!—No Theresa, no one shall ever part us.—What can we do?—I will speak to your father.—Xavier now came in, and they consulted together, what they should do. Kronhelm resolved to lay open all to the father, and to beg him only, not to separate them entirely, and to permit them to write to each other. It is certain, said he, that we must keep it from my father at present. Let us be secret, and resign ourselves to providence.—Theresa was more easy. The father could not resist the tears of his children, and permitted them to correspond, on condition that he should read their letters. He represented to Kronhelm, that it was time he should

depart with Xavier, and fixed the second day after for their going away. After dinner they went to take a walk, and ascended a steep mountain, which commanded an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. At the bottom was the village, near which ran the stream on whose banks Kronhelm had received his hurt. The waters of the Danube sparkled between the willows, which hung over its banks, and, beyond it, was a lofty mountain, the summit of which lost itself in the azure of the firmament. Is not that the convent and Gunzburg, said Theresa? I shall often come here and look towards the place where you will be, and think of this evening. There is a mountain on our side, said Kronhelm, almost like this; I shall frequently go there, to think of past times.—But, said Xavier, we must go to morrow, to Fullendorf, to see father Anthony; I have continually deferred it, and we must call to morrow, because the next day we go away. I should be sorry to depart without seeing this

venerable man, and as it is not far, you can go with me Theresa.—I thought, replied she, that a girl of my age, was never permitted to go into a convent of monks.—That is true, answered Xavier, but I will go before to ask leave of the superior, and father Anthony, who will not be so strict, as to refuse me this favour.—They slowly descended the mountain, and returned towards the village. They passed a cheerful evening, and tranquillity was restored to the hearts of the two lovers. They spoke of their separation, but the idea of writing, and especially of soon meeting again, consoled them. The following afternoon, they all went to Fullendorf. Xavier preceded them, to ask permission for his sister to see the convent. The superior shook his head; but at last consented. Sigevart went out for the two lovers, who were waiting at the door, and led them into the garden. The superior and father Anthony soon joined them. They gave a friendly reception to Kronhelm and Theresa.

Father Anthony asked Xavier a great many questions, and several monks came to see him as soon as they heard of his arrival. Sigevart enquired for Father Gregory. He is with God, said Father Anthony. He has been dead these three months, and is buried close by father Joseph. He desired me to salute you, and to bless you for him. He has also left you his crucifix, that you may sometimes think of him, and remember that he expects you in heaven. Sigevart took the crucifix with tears of affection and gratitude. They remained a long time in the convent; and it was almost dark when they reached home. They were not so cheerful this evening as the preceding. Theresa wept, and Kronhelm with difficulty restrained his sighs; In a few hours, said he, we must separate. She was silent, gave him her hand, and turned her face another way. At length the moment of departure arrived. When the carriage was ready, Theresa, who could contain herself

no longer, ran out, and stood before the door of the house. Sigevart took leave of his father. When Kronhelm went out he saw Theresa standing at the door crying; he took her hand, and quitted her without speaking. Xavier also took leave of his sister, and Kronhelm of the bailiff. Come Theresa, said her father. She ran up to Kronhelm, embraced him, kissed him three times, without uttering a syllable, and ran into the house, all in tears. The two friends remained a long time in silence. At length Kronhelm began to speak, and to recall the happy days he had passed.—Your sister, said he, is superior to all the young women I have ever seen. I hope she will write frequently, for otherwise my residence at Gunzburg will be insupportable. As soon as they reached the college, Kronhelm gave the driver a note for Sigevart and Theresa, to inform them of their safe arrival, and to thank them for

their kindness to him. They went first to see their tutor, and the good father Philip, who was rejoiced to see them again, and begged them to give him an account of their excursion into the country. Kronhelm expressed himself much pleased with it. Sometimes he mentioned Theresa, but very seldom, for fear of betraying himself, for first love is commonly timid and reserved. But as he was melancholy and thoughtful, and his eyes were frequently filled with tears, father Philip soon guessed the truth. He questioned Sigevart in Kronhelm's presence; and they both confessed it. The father did not blame him. He commended Theresa, saying that in a woman, virtue was of much more value than high birth. He however warned Kronhelm, not to sacrifice his duty to his love, and to remember that knowledge and talents were the true means of pleasing, and promoting the real happiness of the object of his affection. The day after his

return, Kronhelm wrote a long letter to Theresa, and another to her father, and gave them to the carrier. He waited impatiently for Saturday, which was the post day. When it came, he slipped out, and ran to the office to ask if there were any letters for him, and was answered in the negative. Though usually so calm, he fell into a furious passion at this answer. He gnashed his teeth, and stampt with his feet. The devil take the world, he cried, and all that are in it! No letters! though she promised me over and over! Yes, all is wickedness, and hypocrisy. Fool that I was, to believe her professions! Infamous sex; I shall go mad!--During this time, the prefect had desired Sigevart to go and look for him. He returned in about an hour. Here, said Xavier, I have a letter from my sister for you. How, answered he, are you laughing at me; I asked the post-man, who said there were none. Take it and read it yourself, returned Sigevart, he gave it to me, by my sister's desire.

Kronhelm opened the letter with eagerness. She told him how much she was pleased at hearing of his safe arrival, informed him of what had passed since his departure, particularly the uneasiness her sister-in-law had occasioned her, and concluded with wishing him all possible happiness. As soon as Kronhelm, had read this letter, he went up to the window, and shed tears of tenderness, reproaching himself for his warmth. - She is an amiable girl, thought he; her letter is full of affection and I was unjust. Oh my angel, forgive me, I have offended you. You cannot think, said he to Sigevart, what a passion I was in a few minutes ago. It is inconceivable how love lays hold of a man. When the man told me he had nothing for me, I fancied she had forgotten me; and she has written such a charming letter. Since you have been in love, answered Sigevart, you have become more impatient and more violent: every thing puts you in a passion.—KRONHELM. It is true;

but have patience with me my friend ; I will set seriously about correcting this fault ; your sister is so mild and good, and accommodates herself so well to circumstances, and I am so hasty, and impetuous. But she shall teach me to be mild and gentle like herself, or I shall not deserve her affection. Don't mention it to her ; I am ashamed of it. Read her letter ; 'tis a picture of her soul ; it was dictated by love itself.—Sigevart also gave Kronhelm the letter his sister had written to him. She writes astonishingly well, observed Kronhelm ; all that she says is so natural, and so just. Their studies now began again : but though Kronhelm loved the sciences, and was eager to increase his knowledge, the idea of Theresa, often drew him from his reading. He took up his violin, thought of her for hours together, and, when he was alone, would converse aloud with her beloved image, which was ever present to his imagination. They wrote to each other every week.

Though at a distance, they grew more and more attached ; they laid open their hearts in their letters ; they confided to each other their most secret thoughts, and thus continually discovered in each other new perfections. The elder Sigevart, though so much older than Kronhelm, was his greatest friend, and ardently desired that no misfortune might separate him from his daughter. The two lovers forgot the danger, when it was no longer present. The application of Xavier, caused him to be advanced, which encouraged him much : his knowledge increased daily ; he read attentively Tibullus and Propertius, which gave him a great delicacy of sentiment.— One fine winter's day, Kronhelm went to take a walk with Sigevart ; and was remarkably cheerful the whole time. At his return he found in father Philip's room, a letter from his father, which had been brought by a servant. He had discovered his attachment to Theresa. The letter was full of maledictions. He threat-

ened to kill him, if he thought any more of a person who was not noble ; and to kill Theresa and her father, if ever he wrote another line to them. When Kronhelm had read this letter he remained pale and motionless. Here Sigevart, he exclaimed, read it ; he walked hastily up and down the room, and then suddenly stopped short, as if he were thinking of something, and could not determine. You have read it ? unhappy that I am ! oh I will...cursed nobility!....But I will not yield. Well what do you think ? you stand there and say nothing.—SIGEVART. What would you have ? It is unfortunate, and I pity you sincerely.—Kronhelm was angry at this answer, and insisted on Sigevart's giving him some advice. The latter told him to write word to his father, that he would think no more of Theresa, This threw him into a still greater rage. At length he resolved to write, and began—My dear father I will write to her no more. Will that do Sigevart ?—yes, I hope that

will satisfy him. It may be so; but it does not satisfy me at all. Let me tear it:—SIGEVART. By no means my friend; you cannot write any thing else. Recollect that by that you save Theresa.—KRONHELM. Well then do you seal it; for I will have no more to do with it. Sigevart sealed it, and went himself to carry it to the servant who was waiting, for fear Kronhelm should tear it. When he came back, they talked together concerning this unfortunate event. Kronhelm was uneasy lest Theresa should be dissatisfied with his conduct, and blame him when she should hear that he had promised his father to write to her no more. Sigevart made him more easy, by promising to acquaint his sister with all the circumstances. Besides, said he, you will only have to dictate to me all you have to say to her, and she can do the same in her letters to me. Kronhelm was contented. Two days after, they had letters from Theresa and her father. Kronhelm opened them with

trembling. Theresa informed him, that M. de Veit had been to her father's, and had treated them extremely ill; loading them with all kinds of reproaches, and threatening to kill them, if they wrote a line to his son. She concluded with desiring him not to write again to her. It is impossible to describe the feelings of Kronhelm on the perusal of this letter. He walked up and down the room like a madman, beating his head with his hands, and cursing his fate. Sigevart, who was unable to give him any other consolation, than that of weeping bitterly with him, went and entreated father Philip to come into their room. The father scarcely knew himself what comfort to give Kronhelm, for the distress of his young friends overpowered him. He had himself been unfortunate in love, and all his long dormant sorrows rose up afresh in his mind. Kronhelm hardly spoke; he kept his eyes fixed upon one place, and appeared insensible. He lay awake the whole night; and Sigevart who was equally

unable to sleep, heard him frequently talking aloud to himself, but his words were broken by continual sighs. The next day he wrote to his sister. When he had finished, Kronhelm brought him a sheet of paper and said, I cannot write to your sister as she has forbidden me, but I must ask you one favour. Copy this letter. It contains my last wishes for her. Copy it, and enclose it in your own without saying a word about it; do not refuse me this last favour.—Sigevart consented, and copied the letter. Kronhelm expressed to Theresa, how unhappy he was in this world, and that he hoped he should soon be with her in heaven, assuring her of his fidelity. From this time his character seemed to change. He was absorbed in the deepest melancholy. He grew impatient, and violent; every thing displeased him. Sometimes he spoke of Theresa, but Sigevart could not tell him much about her, for she never mentioned Kronhelm in her letters. They were filled only with her

troubles. One day she informed him that her sister-in-law was the cause of their misfortune; for that having once happened to receive a letter from her brother in her presence, and being eager to open it, she found a letter from Kronhelm enclosed, which she endeavoured to put in her pocket as quickly as she could, but that her sister-in-law had perceived it, and informed M. Veit. Kronhelm was in a rage to think that such a trifle should be the cause of all his distress. Father Philip endeavoured to dissipate his chagrin, but in vain. Easter now approached, at which time he was to go to the university at Ingolstadt. He would willingly have remained in the neighbourhood of Theresa, though he should not see her. For this purpose he wrote to his uncle; but he, having been informed by Veit, that his nephew was in love with a girl whom none of the family knew, would not permit him to stay, thinking that the best way of curing his passion, was to remove him as far as

possible from the object of it. At Easter therefore, Kronhelm was obliged to depart, and though his father had told him to come and see him at Steinfeld, he could not bring himself to comply. He was too much hurt by his father's cruelty, and the manner in which he had treated him, not to avoid seeing him as much as possible. All his grief broke out afresh, when he took leave of the brother of his Theresa, the best of his friends. He also took leave of father Philip, and the other monks, and shed tears at parting from them. When he was near the carriage, he embraced Xavier once more, and departed. Sigevart ran to his room to give free vent to his tears. He prayed to heaven for Kronhelm and his sister, and that he might soon rejoin his friend. Overcome with grief and fatigue he threw himself on the bed, dressed as he was, to take a few hours rest. The next day, the world seemed to him like a desert; he felt an inexpressible void. He was continually regretting Kron-

helm, and wanting to speak to him. In the evening he sometimes forgot himself, and when he heard any one passing near his door, fancied it was the footstep of his friend, and then recollecting that he was at a distance, his sorrow broke out anew. He went to sit with father Philip. They conversed chiefly of their friend, and lamented the affliction which love had occasioned him. Xavier, said the father, avoid as much as possible the company of women. When once a man has begun to love it is impossible for him to check himself. Take care; since from the life you are designed for, love would be a misfortune to you. Eight or ten days after Kronhelm had left them, he wrote a letter to Sigevart, in which he told him, that Ingolstadt was a very unpleasant place, that there was no good society, that the people were superstitious, and that he wished he were with him. He enquired after Theresa, and begged him to assure her of his unalterable fidelity. Sigevart wrote an answer

immediately, endeavouring to console him as well as he could. He only mentioned Theresa to say that she had enquired after him, and that she seemed to conform herself pretty well, to circumstances. This he said to make his friend easy, for in fact she had sent him word that she was very unhappy, and her father also; and that she was always thinking of Kronhelm. She added that captain Northerm had said, that if Kronhelm chose to serve the king of Prussia, he would give him recommendations that might be useful to him; but that she would not consent. She desired her brother not to mention her to Kronhelm, and to pray to God to give him patience. Sigevart followed her directions, and scarcely mentioned her. Kronhelm was much affected at it, and his chagrin encreased daily. About this time father John died suddenly. He was regretted by every body; particularly father Philip and Sigevart, who both went to his funeral, and watered his grave with their

tears. Father Hyacinth was appointed to succeed him as teacher of the Christian religion. Sigevart soon perceived the difference between a man who taught religion with enthusiasm, and one who did it in a cold indifferent manner, as a task. This man was of a very different character from Sigevart, he rendered his abode in the college particularly uncomfortable, and made him long more than ever, to be again with his dear Kronhelm. On the other hand, the latter wrote him letters full of sensibility, conjuring him to come as soon as possible to Ingolstadt. Theresa's letters were still melancholy, but calm; her grief continued, but she grew accustomed to it, and ceased to complain. At length, after the performance of the annual play, at the college, Theresa informed her brother, that his father had determined he should go to Ingolstadt at Easter. He was delighted with this intelligence, for he thought his solitude became more gloomy and insupportable every day. A week before Eas-

ter, his father sent him a draft, to pay the expences of his journey. He was to give it at Ingolstadt to counsellor Fischer, who was one of the great friends of his father, and to whom he had letters of recommendation. He got all his things in order that he might set off immediately after Easter. He wrote to Kronhelm, to come and meet him if he possibly could. The only persons he regretted were father Philip and one or two more, particularly the Grunbach family. The young Grunbach said, he should join him at Ingolstadt in another year. He passed the evening with father Philip, who gave him the best advice and pointed out the manner in which a young man should act, when he first enters an university, to escape being seduced by the vicious characters, that are frequently found there. He spoke of Kronhelm and told him what he thought should be done to moderate his affliction. He advised him, for this purpose, to conceal Theresa's

letters, and to speak of her as seldom as possible. You will let me hear from you, said he, from time to time; you will not entirely forget me. Oh God! how can I forget you, cried Sigevart weeping? If you will permit I will write to you frequently: I have so many obligations to you. Not at all, my dear Xavier; what I have done, I have done with pleasure, because I knew you would profit by my instructions. I will give you a Virgil, as a token of remembrance. The prefect of the college brought Xavier a certificate of his good behaviour: the tears came into his eyes when he read it. It is too much; said he. No, my dear, said father Philip, it is no more than you deserve; you have always behaved well, and if you continue in the same course, you will be happy. At ten o'clock Sigevart rose without speaking, went to the window and wept; at length he said, I must go now: the father blessed him, embraced him, and

bade him farewell. Sigevert went to his chamber, and, as he was fatigued, and had to rise early next morning, threw himself on his bed, to take a little rest. At five o'clock the porter called him. Before he set off he took a last leave of father Philip, and the prefect. During his journey he got acquainted with two young men, one named Boling, who was studying the canon law with Kronhelm, and the other named Godfrey, who talked a great deal of Kronhelm, recollecting to have seen him at the house of Grunbach. They were not more than two leagues from the city, when they met Kronhelm. He was on horseback. Boling asked him to let him mount his horse, and to take his place in the carriage, which he willingly agreed to. The joy of the two young men at seeing each other again is inexpressible. At first they could scarcely speak; and then asked each other a thousand questions, without waiting for the answers. Kronhelm was calm; but the tears came into his eyes, for the

features of Sigevart reminded him of his dear Theresa. Have you any news for me, said he?—No, replied Sigevart, only compliments from father Philip, and all your other friends. Kronhelm was silent, and fell into a profound reverie. When they reached the city, they went immediately to Kronhelm's apartment. As they entered Sigevart perceived a portrait hanging over the chimney-piece which was not entirely unknown to him.—Who is that? said he. Do you not know, asked Kronhelm?—'tis Theresa.—Yes, I see it is like her, and I was struck with it, but how did you come by it.—I drew it myself; 'twas an amusement to me, for I can think of nothing else. I am sorry to hear this; I thought that time would have produced an alteration.—You do not know what love is; when once you love sincerely, 'tis for ever. He now asked, though trembling, about Theresa. Sigevart answered him only in a dubious manner; which revived the dormant grief

of Kronhelm. The next day they went to see the city, which Sigevart thought more agreeable than his friend had done, who saw every thing in gloomy colours. Sigevart asked him where counsellor Fischer lived. Kronhelm was perfectly acquainted with him. His manner, said he, will not prepossess you in his favour; for he is very proud; but you will be much pleased with his daughter, who is a very amiable young lady. You may believe me, for I am impartial, and live only for Theresa. It is of little consequence to me, said Sigevart, how amiable she is; I care very little about the sex. I shall give the counsellor a letter from my father, and all will be settled. If he is proud, I shall be so too. We shall see, said Kronhelm, smiling. Godfrey invited them to visit him in the afternoon. They were much pleased with him. They also met there a son of counsellor Fischer, who lived opposite Godfrey's. This young man was also a student. He was very

proud, and spoke but little to Kronhelm, and not at all to Sigevart, though he told him that their fathers had been formerly great friends. He was perpetually looking at himself in the glass; and admiring his complexion. The next day Sigevart went to see the rector of the university, who received him politely, and accompanied him to M. Fischer's. He received Sigevart in a very cold and distant manner, not even asking him to sit down. When he had read the letter, so, said he, your father is still alive! I thought he had been dead long ago. Well, if I can be of any service to you, you have only to let me know. When you write to your father, make my compliments to him. Sigevart bowed, and took his leave. The counsellor conducted him to the door of the room, and rang for the servant, who shewed him downstairs. He went away very much dissatisfied, and muttering to himself, against the cold politeness of the world, and the pride which

changes all that is valuable in the human heart.—He shall never see me again, said he, to Kronhelm. He is quite a courtier. If I had known as much as I do now, he should not have seen either me or my letter. I will not inform my father; it would vex him too much. There being a room to let in the house where Kronhelm lived, Sigevart hired it, though he passed most of his time in his friend's apartment. The latter was continually talking of Theresa, in which Sigevart was obliged to humour him, though he had not much to tell him concerning her, for she wrote to him very seldom. The vacation being now ended, Sigevart was put to study logic and metaphysics, under the Jesuits, who were good teachers. Godfrey was almost their only acquaintance. All the spring and summer passed without Sigevart's going out of the city walls. He went every day to church, and particularly into those which belonged to

the convents of nuns. One day he saw a young lady who was kneeling near him, and who particularly drew his attention. As he was earnestly looking at her, admiring the air of fervent devotion, which seemed to animate her countenance, she gave him a look, which met his eyes, and filled him with confusion. He felt, on a sudden, his thoughts all deranged, and could no longer pay attention to the service. When she rose to go away, he followed her, full of trouble and emotion. Godfrey, who was on one of the side benches, spoke to him, but he did not see him. As soon as he got out of the church, he threw his eyes around in order to find this young person, but in vain. He stood motionless, not knowing which way to go. O God, thought he, who can she be? He could not explain what he felt: one moment he was gay, the next melancholy; he was agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions. He knew not whether it was love, or what

passion it was that disturbed him. At length, with a heavy heart, he went to sleep. As soon as his eyes were closed, he saw the image of the young stranger, as she had appeared to him in the day. He was awakened by the beams of the rising sun; his eyes were filled with tears; for his first thoughts were concerning this young lady. He rose, stretched out his arms, as if he would embrace her, and prayed with more fervour than he had ever done before. Oh God, said he, sighing, I no longer know myself; I know not what I want, nor what I desire. Why should I think so much of this person! Oh my God, forgive me! He went to the college, but the image of the fair stranger followed him every where. He no longer heard what the master was teaching him. He went several times to the same church, in hopes of seeing her again, but all to no purpose. A thousand ideas passed through his mind. Sometimes he thought she was ill or dead. At length one Sunday, he went to the church,

and placed himself in a situation whence he could observe all that passed. In about half an hour, he saw her come in, dressed in black, and accompanied by a woman advanced in years. His heart beat quick, and he seated himself opposite to her. She sat down with her prayer book, and sometimes turned her fine dark eyes towards heaven. Sigevart kept his eyes fixed upon her; but if she happened to look towards him he turned away immediately, as if he were dazzled by a flash of lightning. Once, when he raised his eyes again to look at her, she had disappeared; a very fat man had placed himself exactly before her, and prevented Sigevart from seeing her. This incensed him against the man and increased his impatience and vexation. After mass, she and her aged companion rose. They went to the altar, and knelt down to receive the sacrament. As she passed Sigevart, she gave him a look, that penetrated his very soul. She walked slowly and with a com-

posed air. He knew not whether he should follow her or remain in his place. He went into the choir and placed himself opposite to her. His heart was deeply affected. He would have given worlds to have been the priest who administered the sacrament to her ; or one of the children who held out to her the cup containing the wine. These ideas absorbed his whole mind, and he continued kneeling, waiting till she rose, with the intention of following her ; but Kronhelm came up and made a sign to him to join him. He got up, quite vexed at this disappointment, but took care to conceal his feelings from his friend. They walked through the street almost without speaking. Sigevart was wholly taken up with this young lady, but did not dare to mention her to Kronhelm. His heart was oppressed, and his eyes full of tears. Kronhelm experienced the same sensations. I have never, said he, thought so calmly of Theresa, as at this moment ; I never found melancholy so soothing. Some-

times I am cheerful, and sometimes grave. That is as I am, said Sigevart, in a faltering voice.—When they reached home Sigevart went to his own room to think of this young woman; and, after having passed the day in this manner, went to bed, desiring nothing so much as to see her in his dreams. Two days after, as he was going out of the college, he saw her at a distance in the street. His heart beat high, and he hastened towards her. She went into a very handsome house. Who lives there? asked Sigevart, of a girl of twelve years of age, who seemed surprised at the question? The rich Mr. Spiegel. He was no nearer than before, but he was afraid to ask who Mr. Spiegel was, lest the reason of his enquiry should be seen. He passed two or three times a day by this house, but could never see her at the window. All the week he was longing for Sunday, in hopes of seeing her at church. He passed whole hours in conversing with her, as if she had

been present. In short, it would be requisite to be as much in love as Sigevart, to conceive all the tender and frivolous ideas, that came into his head: but deep sighs, and uneasy apprehensions always terminated these agreeable reveries. Thus he passed whole weeks in sighs and tears. At length one Sunday morning, going very early to church, he found her already there; he placed himself opposite to her, and looked at her with transports of joy. She was dressed in blue, and had a wreath of flowers on her head. She frequently turned her eyes upon Sigevart, who was almost beside himself, and then cast them on the ground, as she saw he was looking at her. He was uneasy, if she remained a few minutes without looking at him, and the moment she did so, turned his head away. He affected to look melancholy, in order to interest her feelings. When she rose, he followed her, at a small distance. She went into the house of Mr. Fischer. O God! said he, if

the counsellor is her father, my misfortune is complete. Godfrey, who lived opposite the counsellor, perceiving Sigevart from his window, called him in. Godfrey, who loved the counsellor's daughter, staid at the window, and when Sigevart entered the room, desired him to come and look at her. That is the counsellor's daughter, said he, sighing. Sigevart trembled and blushed, but did not speak; at last he said, is she very amiable? Extremely so, Godfrey answered; I have been acquainted with her these two years; she is a very accomplished girl. Soon after they saw her at the window; she looked towards them, and then sat down at her harpsichord. She plays well, said Sigevart; yes, replied Godfrey, but you should hear her in the evening, when all is still; it is charming, especially when she sings. You may hear her at the concert. What concert, asked Sigevart eagerly—At her father's. He has concerts at his house every winter, and the time is now

coming on.—Can one go there?—
 Yes, if you ask the counsellor's permission; and especially if you can perform on some instrument. Kronhelm and I go frequently.—But the counsellor is so proud.—He is so; but one must not be so nice.—A young man came up to the window. That is Marianne's brother, said Godfrey. He is exactly like his father, proud and assuming. He is quite infatuated with his own person. He thinks himself a great musician, and is scarcely tolerable. But what I shall never forgive him for is, that he is always tormenting his sister, as well as his other brother.—Where does this other brother live, asked Sigevart. He is secretary in a college just by. He is not quite so bad as this one; but then he has a wife, who leads him by the nose, and who is good for nothing. She is continually endeavouring to persuade the counsellor to put his daughter into a convent, hoping to have her fortune to herself. In short the poor girl leads an unplea-

sant life enough with them all, and I don't know how she bears it; she has indeed a great deal of fortitude and patience. But it is time to go to dinner, said Sigevart, and Godfrey accompanied him to Kronhelm's apartments. They were invited to spend the afternoon with Mr. Dahlmund, a gentleman of respectable character and good education, who was very desirous of being acquainted with Kronhelm and Sigevart, because he had been informed by Godfrey, that they were great lovers of the sciences. When they returned in the evening, they passed by Mr. Fischer's, where there was still a light in Marianne's room. Sigevart raised his eyes, with fear, and heard Marianne, playing and singing. He would have been very glad to have stopped to listen to her, but did not dare propose it to Kronhelm. The next day he ran over in his mind, all that had passed. He saw how difficult it would be for him to get acquainted with Marianne, to whom he felt himself strongly at-

tached, on account of her father, whose pride was intolerable to him; and he was himself too proud to court the acquaintance of a man, who had received him so unpolitely. At the end of the week, Sigevart had a letter from father Philip. This excellent man, asked him among other things, whether he continued to study diligently, and if he still persisted in his resolution of being a monk. This question was a severe blow to Sigevart. Since he had been in love with Marianne, he had not indeed neglected attending the college, but he had studied less at home. The idea of the convent began to be unpleasant to him, and he thought of it as little as possible. His first enthusiasm for a monastic life, his friend father Athony, and his father, rushed all at once upon his mind, and confounded him. He was overcome with emotion, prayed to God, resolved to enter a convent, and then thought of Marianne, whom he should be forced to abandon. Sometimes he determined to think no

more of her, and to avoid all opportunities of seeing her; but these resolutions never lasted long. The following week, a servant of the counsellor's came to Kronhelm when Sigevart was there, with an invitation from his master, to the concert. He then asked Kronhelm if he could tell him where Sigevart lived, as he had an invitation for him also. Yes, said Kronhelm, this is Mr. Sigevart. The servant presented his master's compliments, and said he should be extremely happy to see him, as he understood he played upon the violin and the flute. In the transports of his joy, Sigevart could scarcely find words to send his compliments, and that he would wait on him. When the servant was gone, he said to Kronhelm, that he was not very well pleased with the invitation, as the counsellor might fancy he was conferring a favour on him. When the day came, Sigevart, after having dressed himself with particular care, went to the counsellor's with a beating heart. Mr. Fischer re-

ceived him politely, told him he had heard that he played well on the violin, and presented him to his wife and daughter, as the son of one of his particular friends. When the concert began, Marianne was seated opposite to him. At first, he made several mistakes, and was very uneasy lest they should have been observed; but afterwards he played better. When the concert was over, Kronhelm conversed very familiarly with Marianne, which made Sigevart a little jealous. When they retired, Kronhelm and he spoke highly of the mildness and modesty of Marianne, and of the affability of her mother. Kronhelm promised Sigevart, to make him better acquainted with Marianne, which gave him no small pleasure. Sigevart went to bed, full of the promise which Kronhelm had made, and fancying a thousand schemes of happiness. He frequently went to Godfrey's under different pretences, in order to see her. The following Wednesday, he went early to the concert,

and was placed opposite Marianne, who was singing, while her brother accompanied her on the flute. He committed so many faults that she rose, and would not sing any more. Her brother reproached her in the most violent manner for her conduct. At length Mr. and Mrs. Fischer came up and appeased him, but she was not to be prevailed upon to sing during the remainder of the evening. When the concert was ended, Sigevart was invited to perform on the violin, at the following one; to which he consented, though afraid to play before her. He had taken particular notice of the behaviour of Godfrey; he observed that he looked at her, with an air of tenderness, and that she was indifferent to it. This encreased his jealousy of Kronhelm. He reproached himself for it, but his passion was too strong, to suffer him to avoid it. The next day Kronhelm went to dine with Godfrey, who was ill, and he engaged Sigevart to go with

him. They found him very low. He had received a letter from his father, who ordered him to return home in three weeks, under pain of his severest displeasure. It grieves me to the heart, said he, but I am forced to leave you all, you and Marianne. I cannot live at a distance from her; my father knows it, yet he calls me away. Since I have seen her, which I did for the first time two years ago, I have not enjoyed one moment's peace. If I am doomed to see her no more, it will cost me my life; advise me what to do. Kronhelm and Sigevart shook their heads, and hardly knew what to answer. They however gave him what advice they could; but all was insufficient. You cannot go now you are so ill, said Kronhelm. I will write to your father to tell him the state you are in; perhaps he will be affected by it, or, if you prefer it, I will go myself and speak to him. Yes, my dear friend, do so, answered Godfrey.

Kronhelm promised to set off the next day, which made him a little more easy: The next day therefore he set off, promising to be back in four days, and told Godfrey's father that his son was ill, and that his illness appeared dangerous. Sigevart staid till five o'clock with Godfrey, who grew worse. He then went to the concert, promising to return afterwards. He was still afraid of playing before Marianne, who, as usual, was opposite to him. At first he played without confidence, but an encouraging look from Marianne, banished his fears, and he played so well, that all the company were surprised. He saw that she was pleased at it, and that encouraged him still more. Every body applauded, and Marianne was the first to begin. Sigevart bowed to her and to the rest of the company, and retired to one side to recover himself a little. Every body praised his performance; the counsellor took him by the hand and thanked him. Marianne did the same, and said, looking

at him affectionately, that he had done wonders on his violin. Then she enquired after Kronhelm, and was informed by Sigevart of the cause of his absence. After the concert, he returned home to undress, and then went to Godfrey, to sit up with him. He found him something better. He told him that he had had a kind of fever during the evening, and that all kinds of unpleasant ideas had passed through his mind; but that he was now more tranquil. He asked after Marianne; and if she had sung. No, said Sigevart, but she enquired after you. Godfrey was rejoiced at this; she is an angel he exclaimed, and began to say a great deal in her praise. He was interrupted by Boling, who came to offer to sit up part of the night, to relieve Sigevart. Sigevart therefore sat up till midnight, and then Boling took his place. A few hours after he called out and waked Sigevart. Godfrey was delirious! he had risen and seized Boling by the throat; exclaiming, do not tear me from my dear

Marianne, or I will strangle you. Sigevart immediately came to disengage Boling, and it was with much difficulty they got Godfrey to bed again. His eyes were wild and fiery; he foamed, grasped violently whatever he took hold of; sometimes he entreated, sometimes raved, and at length lay down quite exhausted. Sigevart and Boling knew not how to act. They wished to go for a physician, but neither of them dared to remain alone with Godfrey: they were therefore obliged to wait till the next day. When the physician came, he shook his head, and said, there was very little hope; but ordered him to be blooded. The operation relieved him for a time, and he fell a sleep; but in about two hours, he awoke again in a violent delirium, and tore the bandage from his arm. He lost so much blood that he fainted, and the physician had much difficulty in recovering him. He was so relaxed that he could not speak, and it was not till the evening that he began to be a little

better. As he continued to grow weaker, he desired a priest to be sent for, who administered to him the sacrament and extreme unction. Godfrey received them with so much fervour, that his friends and the priest were melted into tears. He recommended himself to the mercy of his Creator, and entreated Sigevart to remember him to Marianne and Kronhelm. On a sudden, they heard a noise in the house, and some person calling out in a strong voice, I'll soon see if he is as ill as you say—The father of the invalid entered the room, followed by Kronhelm, and went up to his son's bed. So, so, young man! said he, shaking him; but finding him covered with a cold sweat, he seemed struck with horror, laid one hand on his son, and raised the other towards heaven: what, is he already dead? O Charles! my dear Charles! At these words the young Godfrey opened his expiring eyes, suffused with tears, and then closed them for ever. When he was dead, his father

sat on the side of the bed, and murmured in broken accents over his misfortunes. Thy mother, cried he, is dead! and thou art gone; I am left in the world without a friend—Charles, my dear Charles, I cannot bear to look at thee any longer! he rose and left the room. Kronhelm prepared every thing for his friend's burial, which took place two days after. The father shut himself up in his son's room, and saw only Sigevart and Kronhelm, who were obliged to relate to him all that had passed. I thought, said he, there was some other motive for his staying at the university. They afterwards spoke of his passion for Marianne. Kronhelm said, he had heard from Boling, that she was to marry a counsellor. Sigevart turned pale at this intelligence, and went to shut himself up in his own apartment, where he threw himself into a chair, and lamented his unhappy destiny. The next day Godfrey was buried. His father and his two young friends followed the

coffin in silence. Sigevart seemed most afflicted: he wept bitterly, and only wished that death would, in the same manner, relieve him from his unhappy situation.—The following Sunday he saw Marianne at church; she spoke to him in a familiar manner, and seemed cheerful. At the next concert he observed that she looked at him attentively, but his natural timidity did not permit him to promise himself much advantage from it. She sang, and asked Kronhelm to accompany her. Sigevart felt deeply hurt at this, and his propensity to jealousy, was awakened afresh. He paid little attention to the melodious voice of Marianne, and her soft accents made no impression upon him. He stood in the farther corner of the room, and did not even perceive that she had finished her song, when she came up to him, and asked him to accompany her in a second air. Unable to answer, he bowed, and took up his violin, with a hand trembling with joy. The sounds he drew from his

instrument, mingled, and were confounded with the voice of Marianne, with as much harmony as the sentiments of two lovers, who reveal to each other, for the first time, their mutual affection. When they had finished, Marianne looked at him with a smile of tenderness that went to his heart; from that moment he no longer doubted her regard for him, and no circumstance arose in his mind to obstruct this agreeable reverie. She afterwards asked him to sing a duett with her at the next concert. He attempted to excuse himself, by saying that his voice would not harmonize with hers; but she answered, that she was convinced of the contrary, and that Kronhelm had long told her so; and called to him to confirm it, which he did, adding, that it was only Sigevart's timidity that made him say so. They spoke of Godfrey: and Marianne pitied his fate in so affecting a manner, that the tears stood in Sigevart's eyes. Godfrey, said she, had many excellent qualities,

and a good heart. I esteemed him, and am sorry for his loss, but I hope he will now be happy. She turned aside to wipe away her tears. Her father came up and conversed with Sigevart, while she did the same with Kronhelm, sometimes looking affectionately at Sigevart, which gave him the greatest hopes. When they reached home, Kronhelm said to him, Marianne wishes to read Gesner, and I have not got it; I wish you would lend me your's for her.—SIGEVART. All my books are at her service. KRONHELM. I thank you! Surely you must now confess that Miss Fischer is very amiable, and that you are pleased with her.—SIGEVART. Certainly; and why should not I be pleased with her, as well as with other agreeable persons? KRONHELM. Then you are not pleased so far as to be secretly in love with her?—SIGEVART. In love, and conceal it from you? Really my dear Kronhelm I do not understand you.—KRONHELM. You do not understand me! that is

a pity. Yet I thought I had given you no reason to be reserved towards me, since I am not so to you. On this occasion I might perhaps be useful to you. But do not think that I have curiosity enough to attempt to pry into the secrets of any one. Look at this slip of paper, which you left yesterday on my table, when you were searching in your pocket book. Are not these verses addressed to Marianne? was it not she that you heard playing on the harpsichord, while you were sitting up with Godfrey?—Sigevert changed colour, and threw himself upon Kronhelm's neck.—You are right, said he, I was unworthy of your friendship; but my dear Kronhelm, if you could see my heart, you would know what it has cost me to be obliged to keep silence; for indeed, I was obliged—I am sure you would pardon me—Kronhelm, you know what love is; forgive me; if it had been possible for me to mention it, you should have been the first to hear it.—KRONHELM.

Be easy my friend. I was vexed, it is true ; but I am so no longer—Sigevart embraced him tenderly, and as he related the progress of his attachment, felt his heart lightened of a burden which had long oppressed it. Kronhelm commended his choice, and gave him to understand that he was not indifferent to Marianne, promising to embrace every opportunity, of strengthening his intimacy in the family. This promise was highly agreeable to Sigevart, who was still more rejoiced to hear, that the intelligence of her being to marry a counsellor was false, and had arisen from a mistake of Boling's. The two friends lost themselves in contemplating the agreeable prospect of a speedy and happy success of their love. Kronhelm spoke of Theresa, Sigevart of Marianne. They mutually praised the objects of their affections ; and with difficulty separated at midnight, for they always found something new to say. Sigevart soon perceived how unjust his ill-founded jealousy, had

made him towards his friend, and acquainted him with all his past fancies. At the next concert, Sigevart and Marianne, sung a duett, as they had agreed. All the company were astonished, and filled with emotions of tenderness. But they themselves were still more so. The harmonious union of their voices was the perfect image of their own feelings. It was easy to see that their performance was not merely the effect of art ; particularly in a cadence, in which Marianne looked at Sigevart, in a manner so tender and so expressive, that his eyes overflowed with tears. The company applauded them with enthusiasm. Marianne commended him for his accuracy and expression, and proposed they should sing together more frequently, to which he readily agreed. Kronhelm came up, and addressing himself to Marianne, said, was not I right Miss Fischer, in saying that Sigevart sings well?—Oh, she replied, you did not say enough; he sings extremely well ; and in this

she was supported by the assent of the whole company.—Sigevart was so transported with joy, that he forgot every thing else that passed. He was now persuaded that Marianne loved him; and longed for an opportunity of being alone with her, to make an avowal of his affection. The next day a large party was to go out in *traineaux*, and Sigevart offered to drive Marianne, which was accepted with pleasure. As they went along, they conversed familiarly together on many agreeable subjects: Marianne said, she was charmed to have such a driver as Sigevart: and he, that he was still more so with the honour of driving her. Kronhelm, who was before, sometimes turned round to look at Sigevart, and saw on his countenance the joy with which he was animated. When they returned in the evening, Sigevart conducted Marianne home, and then went to his own apartments. Kronhelm, having also conducted home, the lady whom he had attended, went to Sigevart's lodg-

ings. As soon as he entered the room, Sigevart ran up, and embraced him: and told him what a happy day he had passed. She is an angel, my friend, said he: oh, if she always spoke to me, as openly as she has done to day, how happy should I be! tell me, do you think she loves me? —assuredly; but you must not be so timid! you must let her see some sign of your love for her.—Sigevart was afraid she would be angry, but Kronhelm told him, he was unacquainted with the female heart. Believe me, said he, women are charmed at possessing an influence over the hearts of young people. If you please Marianne, as I have reason to believe, be persuaded, that you will not offend her, by manifesting your regard for her. Only endeavour to see her alone, and speak to her openly. Sigevart promised to do all he could, and went to call on Marianne, to attend her to the ball. He found her father and mother in the room, who seemed to be glad to see him. The

mother, in particular, was remarkably friendly, and invited him to come sometimes to spend the evening with them. If you will bring Mr. Kronhelm now and then, and Joseph (Marianne's youngest brother) is at home, you can have a little concert among you. Sigevart accepted this offer with pleasure. Mr. Fischer asked him, with an air of much interest, how his father did, and desired him to send him his kindest compliments when he should write to him next, adding, that he was very sorry he had not yet had time to do it himself. Marianne's brother, was not so affable; on the contrary, he appeared vexed at the reception his parents gave Sigevart on account of his talents, regarding it as an insult to himself. He therefore looked at him disdainfully, and scarcely condescended to speak to him. Sigevart perceived it, but behaved politely to him, in order to give him a more favourable opinion of him. Joseph told Marianne, that she would not like to get up the next

day, if she came back as late, as she did the last time ; that people spoke ill of young women who behaved in this manner, &c. Marianne, who was busy getting ready, paid no attention to his idle remarks. As soon as she had finished, she accompanied Sigevart to the ball. As they went along, she complained to him, of her brother ; he is intolerable, said she ; nothing pleases him ; he pretends to be wiser than any body else ! I am glad to see you know how to behave to him. Sigevart was charmed with her sincerity, and drew from it a thousand advantageous consequences.—When they entered the ball room, all eyes were turned upon Marianne. She was dressed in a rose coloured sattin robe, and the satisfaction that reigned in her heart heightened the beauty of her countenance, and gave an air of dignity to her whole figure. Kronhelm had kept a seat at table for her ; but before supper she danced a minuet with Sigevart. At first he was afraid, and made almost all his steps

false, but his timidity soon subsided, and then he danced extremely well. Marianne always looked him in the face, so that he was obliged to turn his eyes aside. At supper all the party were in high spirits. A young lady, who sat next Kronhelm, was particularly gay, and endeavoured by her lively sallies, to draw upon herself the attention of the whole company. At length she spoke only to Dahlmund, who listened to her patiently, because he loved her. Kronhelm conversed with Marianne and Sigevart. The agitation of the latter was so great, that he scarcely knew what to say or do. Suddenly Kronhelm heaved a deep sigh; then, taking up his glass, he struck it hastily against Sigevart's, saying—to Theresa! I'll join you, in drinking her health, said Marianne. Are you acquainted with her, asked Sigevart?—Only from what Mr. Kronhelm has told me of her. Does the affair remain in the same situation, added she, turning to Kronhelm. Yes, he replied with

a sigh—I am sorry for it ; you deserve to be happy, and Theresa also : I have often pitied your fate. Your sister, Mr. Sigevart, must be very amiable ; from what I have heard of her ; I should be glad to be personally acquainted with her.—She is a very good girl, and would certainly be highly gratified to be known to you. I love her sincerely, and pity the unfortunate situation, into which love has brought her.—All will end well, I hope ; Mr. Kronhelm deserves to possess her ; he would make her happy ; but he must have patience. After supper they danced country dances ; Marianne now and then squeezed Sigevart's hand, which gave him the most exquisite pleasure. He danced very little with any of the other ladies, for Marianne alone engrossed his thoughts and attention. He observed a man who danced a great deal with her. This made him feel uneasy ; he bit his lips, and retired to one corner of the room, till she came up and asked him why he looked so

grave. Come and dance with me, said she. I could not get away from that man, whom you see there in the green coat. Sigevart took her hand, and followed her immediately. At length Marianne said, it is now time for me to go home; otherwise I shall be told of it to morrow. Sigevart thought it quite early, but did not dare to attempt to detain her. How the time has flown away, said he; it seems as if I had not been here above an hour;—and so it does to me, replied she, tenderly pressing his hand, for I have spent a very pleasant day—May I flatter myself with having contributed to it, said he tenderly?—very much, answered Marianne, with vivacity. Upon this he ventured to raise her hand to his lips, and was transported with the pleasure he had enjoyed.—As they went away, Marianne expressed herself much satisfied with the evening she had passed, thanked him for the pleasure of his company, and asked him to come and see her as soon as he could. In the excess of

his joy, he knew not what answer to make; he silently pressed her hand, and again kissed it as he bid her adieu. He rather flew than walked to his own lodgings. Kronhelm was already asleep; but Sigevart sat up a considerable time, running over in his mind all the happy circumstances of the day. It was long before he could go to sleep; the moment he attempted to close his eyes, he saw Marianne, as when she gave him her hand in the dance. Next day when he arose, he found himself much more fatigued than he had been the preceding night; he went into Kronhelm's room, who smiled and wished him success; for now, said he, I think you will believe me, when I tell you she loves you; she shewed it sufficiently yesterday.—You must have observed her better than I, then—I did: besides an impartial person always sees clearer than one who is blinded by his passion. But Sigevart, your love has such an air of indifference—Indifference; interrupted Sigevart, full of asto-

nishment; how is it possible? I cannot conceive why you should say so: It is true, I do not speak much, and what I say is of no great consequence; this vexes me much, and I cannot account for it; when I am alone I have a thousand things to say to her; yet the moment I am in her company, I seem to have lost all my ideas. She must certainly take me for a simpleton.—I am convinced to the contrary: love has a language of its own, in which the eyes have a greater share than the tongue; and depend upon it Marianne understands you perfectly. You think what you say trivial, and unimportant, only because you cannot express what you feel, which it is impossible you should: but come, the weather is fine; let us take a walk.—They went through the street where Marianne lived; she was at the window, and wished them a good day as they passed. Sigevart proposed to walk out of the town to the place where he had been with the traineaux, the day before;

and there he recalled the pleasure he had enjoyed with Marianne. Kronhelm spoke of Theresa, and said that he every day felt more and more, that he could not live without her; he added, that he was resolved to write to her, let what would be the consequence. Sigevart tried all he could to dissuade him from it, on account of the trouble it might occasion in his father's family. During their walk they met with their friend Dahlmund, who informed them that Godfrey's father was dead. At his return home, said he, he was going to dismiss his mistress : on this she became insolent, and demanded a large sum of money. This behaviour threw him into so violent a passion, that he was taken ill and obliged to go to bed, where four days afterwards he died of a violent fever, which he probably had caught from his son.—Such is the conduct of women, said Sigevart.—At the next concert, Marianne conversed a great deal with him ; her look and manner made him believe

she loved him; yet he sometimes doubted. He wanted something more certain than looks, and wished her to tell him so: and why, thought he, should she prefer me to every one else? I have neither rank nor fortune; she may meet with somebody who has both, and forget me entirely.—Thus he tormented himself incessantly; but when he saw Marianne, a look from her dissipated all his doubts. The more he knew of her, the more his affection for her increased. At length he mentioned to Kronhelm a plan which he had long thought of; it was to hire the room that Godfrey had occupied; that he might have the pleasure every day of seeing the object of his affection. Kronhelm, always ready to fall in with any thing that could please his friend, easily consented, and they removed in a few days. This was a great satisfaction to Sigevart; he saw, as he sat at his desk, all that she was doing, and sometimes had the pleasure of hearing her sing in the even-

ing. He frequently played at the concert with her, and found her always more affable, and pleasing: he did all he could to be upon good terms with her brother, whom he invited to come and see him. He ventured one day to go with Kronhelm to call upon her parents. They were extremely well received, and Marianne appeared delighted with their visit. They had a little concert together, and when they went home, she told Sigevart, she hoped now he was so near a neighbour, he would come and see them often.—Notwithstanding all the marks of kindness Marianne gave him, he still doubted, and longed to meet with her alone, to tell her his sentiments. Sometimes he resolved to call when her parents were out, but then he thought her brother might come in, or she might be displeased. At other times he thought of writing to her; but the difficulty was to send the letter. In short all his plans came to nothing, and he was obliged to wait with patience. A

little before Lent some snow fell, and it was proposed to make a party with *traineaux*, in which Sigevart was to drive Marianne. He now spoke to her with more confidence, and they shared the joy they felt at meeting again. I confess plainly, said she to him, that I am charmed with your having taken Godfrey's room. I have at least the pleasure of sometimes hearing you play upon the violin or flute.—And I that of seeing you, and hearing you sing, replied he.—As they drove on, they conversed as familiarly, as if they had already declared their mutual affection. When they reached the village where they were to stop, Sigevart ordered chocolate, and as there were not cups sufficient, he drank out of Marianne's. Kronhelm, who observed him, was astonished at his boldness, and at the naïveté of Marianne, who seemed to be naturally inclined to reserve. When they returned, Sigevart said to Marianne, this evening has given me still more plea-

sure than the last ; you are more familiar and affable—and you less timid, and more gay, interrupted she, and I am very glad to see it. In this manner they chatted all the way on their return and reached the town about sun set. When Sigevart got home, he went immediately to communicate his joy to Kronhelm. I am happy, cried he, the happiest of men; I have spent the whole afternoon with Marianne, and I am going now to accompany her to the ball, where we shall pass the whole night in dancing, or conversing together. I shall take care to make her perfectly acquainted with my sentiments. I do not think there is any one in the world so happy as I am at this moment.—When the time came, he went for Marianne, and led her gaily to the assembly ; They began dancing immediately. She danced so lightly she seemed scarcely to touch the ground. She kept her eye fixed upon Sigevart, and, whenever she took hold of his hand, pressed it tenderly. During supper, they

talked with Kronhelm, who was rather serious, for the sight of them continually reminded him of his own Theresa. Marianne drank her health, and desired Sigevart when he wrote to her, to tell her she had a friend whom she did not know, who loved her sincerely, and wished her all possible happiness—If you desire she should be happy, said Sigevart, she certainly will be so. But would you make me happy too?—If it depended upon me, you would be so immediately.—It is in your power....tell me....do you love me?—Assuredly, and more than I can express—Sigevart eagerly seized her hand; her cheeks were overspread with the deepest crimson, her look was animated beyond all description, and tears of tenderness flowed from her eyes.—Soon after a gentleman came up, and asked Marianne to dance. She complied, though reluctantly. Sigevart remained in his seat a few minutes, looking at her, and as he observed that she always kept her eyes fixed on him, he no

longer doubted her affection. He rose, went to the window, and looked at the moon, but thought only of Marianne. She came up to him unobserved, and laid her hand on his shoulder.—My angel said he, you are mine.—Yes, replied she, for ever. It is impossible to express what he felt at that moment. She invited him to come frequently to see her. My father and mother, she continued, love you, and my brother thinks better of you, since you have appeared to attend to him when he plays on the violin.—Kronhelm came up, and said to Sigevart, I must go to Munich, to speak to my uncle about Theresa, for I cannot remain any longer in this state of uncertainty. I expect every thing from him, for he has always been very kind to me, and can settle this affair for me at once. You must accompany me.—Certainly I will.—Kronhelm acquainted Marianne with the proposal he had made to his friend, saying that it would only be for four or five days, and in order to inter-

cede for Theresa. She could make no objection to it, but seemed sorry to part with Sigevart.—Having accompanied Marianne to her own house, he returned home full of joy, and went to bed with a heart throbbing with delightful hopes. Kronhelm came into his room early in the morning, and told him he had not been able to sleep, for thinking of his journey to Munich; but that he was determined to set off the next day; that he hoped all would turn out well; and that he was persuaded his father would yield to the remonstrances of his uncle. He told Sigevart how he must behave to gain his affection. You must speak to him, boldly and openly; your disposition will please him; from your easy manner he will judge of Theresa, and approve my choice. If my sister interests herself in my happiness, I am sure of succeeding; but my brother-in-law must know nothing of the matter, for he is so infatuated with his nobility, that he will never be led

to consent.—They were going out to order horses, when Dahlmund came in. He complained that his mistress had been unfaithful to him, and had gone off with a scoundrel, who had already been imprisoned for debt. He seemed almost mad with anger, demanded pen and ink, that he might send him a challenge, and asked Kronhelm to be his second.—Are you turned fool Dahlmund, interrupted Kronhelm? would you risk your life against that of a scoundrel? would it make your mistress faithful? Would you murder a man who may one day repent, and become a useful member of society.—He said a great deal more to the same effect; bid him remember his parents, of whose old age he ought to be the support, and represented to him, that if he executed his design, he would certainly bring them to the grave. At this idea Dahlmund was softened, and promised his friends to give up his design. The same evening, Sigevart went with Kronhelm to Mr. Fischer's, un-

der pretence of performing at the concert, but in reality to see Marianne before his departure. Mr. Fischer paid more attention to Sigevart every day on account of his talents, but particularly because he dressed with a great deal of taste, which pleased the counsellor extremely, for he looked more at the outside than any thing else. Joseph behaved more civilly than usual. Marianne excelled herself in her singing; Joseph also played, and was charmed with the applause, which Sigevart and Kronhelm bestowed on him. Mr. and Mrs. Fischer left them early, excusing themselves to the young people, because they were engaged to their eldest son. Sigevart and Kronhelm were going to retire, but they begged them to stay, and Marianne joined in the request. Soon after, Joseph went out on some business. When they were all gone, Marianne went to her harpsichord, played a few notes, and then, looking tenderly at Sigevart, gave him her hand. The two lovers

seated themselves on the sofa, and looked at each other in silence, for their hearts were too full to give utterance to the emotions they experienced. The next morning Sigevart rose early to set out on his journey, but, on entering Kronhelm's room, was struck with alarm to find him extremely ill in bed. My dear friend, said the latter, I cannot possibly go to day: I have been very ill all night: I was seized with a violent fit of shivering, and after that an excessive heat all over me. Sigevart was so terrified, that he stood motionless, unable to utter a syllable; but having at last enquired what he felt, went for a physician, for he feared he was in danger. The physician was at first alarmed, and gave him some cooling medicine. The disorder turned to an ague, and lasted three weeks, during which time, Sigevart never quitted the house, except to go to the church, where he saw Marianne. At length, Kronhelm being quite recovered, they called together upon Mr. Fischer, who had

every day enquired after his health. He thanked him for his kindness, and said, that he meant to depart with his friend the next day; they then took their leave of him, and also of his wife and Marianne, who wished them a pleasant journey, and her eyes seemed to indicate a wish which her lips could not express. Next day they set off as they had agreed, though Kronhelm was still very weak. Marianne placed herself at the window, when they were going to mount their horses. She seemed melancholy. Sigevart looked at her tenderly, saluted her, and rode off with his friend. When they had got out of the gates, Sigevart frequently turned round to take another look at the walls which contained Marianne. The sky was clear, and the earth was gilded by the splendid rays of the rising sun. The meadows were cloathed in the freshest verdure, and the early lark, soaring from her humble nest, announced by her melodious song the return of spring. All conspired to enliven

the spirits of the young men; they seemed to feel an infusion of new life, for it was long since they had enjoyed so pure and fresh an air. At noon they reached a village, where they stopped to dine, and to rest their horses. In the room into which they were shewn, they found a butcher, who was sitting with two large dogs by his side. He related that in the next village there was a woman, who had lost her senses, and who was accused of having killed her husband. He was found to day, said he, drowned in a pond; he is seventy three years old; but 'tis probable that he threw himself in; for his son, whom he had brought up to a good trade, and with whom he lived, was continually reproaching him with his old age, saying, that he was obliged to support him though he was good for nothing, and that the best thing he could do would be to die, threatening, if he did not, to turn him out of doors. At this the poor old man wept, and said that the same

God would judge them both; then he put on his cloak, took his stick, and went out of the village. I met him myself; he took off his cap and wished me a good day, and I was grieved when I saw his grey hairs. Good God, thought I, how much are old people to be pitied, when no one takes care of them, not even their children, whom they have had the trouble to bring up. He went afterwards towards the pond, and I dare say threw himself in. He was an honest quiet man, who meant no harm to any one; but his son is unfit to live, and ought to be hanged; don't you think so, sir?—Sigevert said he was right. Kronhelm during this time was amusing himself with one of the dogs. He is a good creature, said the butcher, and would sooner be killed than suffer any one to hurt me. While they were conversing, a servant in livery came into the room; he seemed vexed at something. What's the matter Mark, said the landlady?—Oh! the house

you recommended me to is a little hell. I am turned off for a cock that has flown away the Lord knows where; and all owing to my mistress; for my master is a very good kind of man, but she is quite a skinflint. I thought to have received twenty crowns which were coming to me for wages; but instead of that she brought me a long list of china that I had broken, of napkins that I had torn, in short a thousand things I had never seen. I was going to complain to my master, but finding her with him, I did not dare to say a word. She even insisted that I should leave my livery, but my master having told her to let me keep it, as it was of no great value, she turned me out of doors, and so I am again thrown upon the world. I have not even a certificate of having behaved well, though, thank God, I have served them faithfully, as all the village knows. But who will take me, without a character?—Kronhelm, who, as well as Sigevart, was touched with the man's

fate, took the landlady aside, and made some enquiries into his character. As she spoke in the highest terms of him, he came back to the servant, and, having enquired his wages, hired him. The poor fellow's joy was inexpressible ; he knew not what to say to shew his gratitude. Kronhelm desired him to hire a horse, to follow them to Munich. As they went along he told them the particulars of his history. He was a native of Suabia, and appeared of a mild temper, and very attentive to his master. It was late when they arrived at Munich ; and therefore they stopped at an inn, where they passed the night, as Kronhelm did not chuse to take his uncle or sister by surprise. The next morning he sent his servant to his uncle to announce his arrival. Mark soon came back, and brought word that he was not at Munich. Kronhelm was surprised at this, and went himself. He was informed that his uncle had been in the country, for a week, upon business of import-

ance, and was not expected back for a fortnight. He returned to the inn much vexed at this unfortunate circumstance, and sent word of his arrival to his brother-in-law's. In the mean time Sigevart walked out to see the city. He was astonished at the number of fine houses and palaces, with which it was adorned, and still more at its great population. The bustle at first pleased him ; but seeing the people continually running against each other, he changed his opinion, and thought a cottage, where one could live quietly, preferable to such a scene of confusion. What completed his dislike to this city was, the quantity of poor wretches, who prostrated themselves before the passengers to implore their charity. Perceiving a church, he went into it, and thought of Marianne. He was shocked at the indecent and inattentive behaviour of the people of consequence, while the poorer classes, behaved with propriety. When he returned to the inn, he found the servant, whom

Kronhelm had sent to desire him to come and dine with his sister, who received him very politely. She was a woman of five or six and twenty, who had some resemblance to her brother. Her manners were graceful and easy, and her eyes lively. Her husband also was present, a good looking man of about thirty, but very reserved. He was polite to Sigevart; but they remarked a kind of stiff pride in his manners, from which they drew a bad omen. At dinner they were joined by Kronhelm's brother. He was a young man who affected singularity, who despised universities, and professors, and particularly every thing German. He spoke ill of all courts, except that of Munich, and said his only wish was to see Paris. M. d'Eller, (Kronhelm's brother-in-law) who was more considerate, endeavoured to prove to him how agreeable it was to be received at court; but he could not convince him, and indeed in this respect, Kronhelm agreed with his brother.

In the afternoon M. d'Eller was obliged to go out, and the two young men were left alone with the lady. They now spoke with more confidence. Madame d'Eller asked her brother what was the matter with him, saying that she thought him much altered, that he had lost his natural cheerfulness, and begged him to conceal nothing from her. Kronhelm complied. He began by telling her he had been ill; then he gave an exact account of what had passed between him and Theresa, adding, that since he had been prevented from seeing her, he had not had a moment's peace; that he had undertaken his present journey, in order to try to gain his uncle; being convinced that, if he favoured him, all would be well. His sister assured him, that his uncle had highly disapproved of the conduct of his father to the elder Sigevart; that he was much inclined to favor him; but that he thought time and employment, would cure him of his passion. He was very much vexed,

she continued, to hear that while at Ingolstadt, you still remained melancholy. He told me lately, that as soon as he had time, he would take the affair upon himself, and for my part, you may depend on my doing every thing to bring it about. Kronhelm was charmed at this behaviour. She afterwards desired them to tell her something of Theresa, which they did with pleasure. They had intended to return immediately, but she entreated them to stay a little longer, to see the ceremonies of the passion week. M. d'Eller came home, and was very polite to the young men; he begged them to excuse their leaving them, as he and his wife were obliged to go out, but told them he hoped to have the pleasure of their company to dinner, as long as they remained at Munich. In the evening they supped at their inn, but soon retired to their own room, the manners of the company below not being at all agreeable to their taste. Mark, gave them an account, in his way, of

all the fine things he had seen ; he said he had never seen such a heap of people in one place, that he was astonished to hear such fine music in the churches, and that he almost fancied himself in heaven. When he was gone Kronhelm conversed with Sigevart on the hopes he entertained from what his sister had said to him, and formed a variety of schemes, relating to Theresa—The next day they went early to M. d'Eller's. He grew more and more affable to them, and entirely laid aside ceremony. He asked them if they would not like to see what there was remarkable in the city, and sent his servant with them to shew them about. They were astonished at the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, which they met with, and regretted they had not time to view them all to advantage. When they returned to dinner, M. d'Eller questioned them concerning what they had seen, and was surprised at the manner in which they gave an account of them. He conversed

with them on subjects of literature, particularly the Greek authors, and recommended them to study at Ingolstadt under professor Lozy, of whom he spoke in very high terms, both for his learning, and his excellent disposition. After dinner he shewed them his collection of prints, and was pleased at the manner in which they conversed upon the fine arts. They staid with him till ten o'clock at night and returned home, much pleased with the day that they had spent. The next day, which was Good Friday, they went to the church of the Jesuits, and were charmed with the music they heard there. Sigevart thought of Marianne, and among all the women present, could see no one to be compared to her. They went then to M. d'Eller's, with whom they dined and supped. They told him they meant to go away the next day, and took their leave. The next morning they rose at break of day. Sigevart was transported with joy when they set off, thinking he should soon

see Marianne again. On the road they conversed only of their future happiness, and all the pleasure they promised themselves. It was still early when they arrived at Ingolstadt. Marianne was at the window, and made a sign to them with her head to come over and see her. As soon therefore as Sigevart had taken off his travelling dress, he went with Kronhelm to the counsellor's. They found only him and his daughter, Mrs. Fischer being gone to see her daughter-in-law who was indisposed. The two lovers, were as pleased to see each other again, as if they had been separated many years. What a restraint to them was the presence of the father! Mr. Fischer, asked them to relate what they had seen at Munich, which they did with pleasure. After tea, the counsellor excused himself to the young people for leaving them alone, as he was obliged to go out. Marianne followed her father to the top of the stairs, and when she returned took Sigevart affectionately by the hand,

and embraced him. He asked her if she had sometimes thought of him. Of nothing else, she replied. She enquired what success Kronhelm had had, and was much rejoiced at the favorable account they gave her. Afterwards Joseph came in, and put an end to their joy. Mrs. Fischer soon followed. She was charmed to see them returned, and asked them many questions. When they went away Marianne followed them to light them down stairs, and told Sigevart how much her mother esteemed him, which gave him very great pleasure. At length having embraced each other, they separated. Next day, which was Easter Sunday, Sigevart went to church, where he saw Marianne: she was more dressed than usual, and her countenance expressed the satisfaction that reigned in her heart. Sigevart returned home much pleased; but his joy was of short duration. Kronhelm came hastily into his room; look said he, here is a letter I have just received; I must set off immediately

Sigevart took the letter, and found that M. de Veit informed his son, that he was dangerously ill of a fever, and desired him to come to him. When Sigevart had read the letter, Kronhelm asked him what he thought of it.—I do not see any thing to be alarmed about, said his friend. If your father be as ill as his letter indicates, and he should die, you will be your own master. All that is very good, replied Kronhelm, yet I have strange suspicions. He will talk to me of Theresa, and I cannot conceal my love for her. Sigevart endeavoured to make him easy, and to remove his apprehensions on this head. He desired him to take courage, and depend on his uncle, who certainly would prove more favorable than his father. Kronhelm upon this conceived some hopes, and determined to depart the next day. I shall leave the greatest part of my things here, said he; perhaps I shall soon return; at least I shall do all I can for that purpose; for what can I do with my

father, if he be both ill, and in a bad humour? Sigevart went out to order a carriage for his friend, and a horse for himself, that he might accompany him part of the way. During this time Kronhelm packed his portmantau, and went to take leave of Mr. Fischer and some other friends. When he had finished every thing he fell into a fit of melancholy, thinking he was to leave his best friend, that all his hopes were about to be overthrown, and that he was going to appear before a morose father, who was totally devoid of every feeling of humanity. All these things crowded on his mind, and he waited impatiently the return of Sigevart. When he entered the room, he ran up to him and embraced him, exclaiming, My dear friend, what will become of us? Sigevart was affected, and could scarcely speak. At length he said, we must not give way to these melancholy ideas; let us speak of something else, or go out to amuse our minds. Kronhelm said, he could not go out any where, that

every thing appeared gloomy and wretched, and complained bitterly. While they were speaking Dahlmund came in, and said, addressing them both, My friends, I cannot sufficiently thank you, for having rid me of that woman, and prevented me from fighting with her lover. This libertine has run away, and left debts to the amount of two hundred florins. The creditors have come upon her, and insist on her either restoring the things he had of them for her use, or paying the money. She will be the talk of the whole town, and I am delighted to think I have no more to do with her. All I am sorry for, my dear Kronhelm, is, that we are so soon to lose you. Sigevart turned the conversation on something else, and Kronhelm, in a little time, seemed to recover his spirits. Dahlmund staid with them some hours, and then took leave of Kronhelm. When he was gone, Sigevart persuaded his friend to go to bed, because he was to go away early in the morning; but in

reality because he was afraid he would relapse into his former melancholy. As soon as Sigevart was alone, and thought of his friend's departure, he wept; he knew not to whom he should now confide his thoughts, for he could find no one to replace Kronhelm. At four o'clock in the morning, Kronhelm called him: he was melancholy, and could hardly speak. They took a hasty breakfast and set off. Marianne was at the window to see them depart. Sigevart made Mark take his horse, and placed himself in the carriage with Kronhelm. After travelling near three hours, Kronhelm asked his friend if he would not return; but Sigevart said he would have the pleasure of accompanying him a few miles farther, for who knows, said he, when we shall meet again? Kronhelm made no answer, and they arrived at a village five leagues from Ingolstadt, where they were to stop to dine, and to rest their horses. This is perhaps the last time, said Sigevart, we shall ever dine together. Kron-

helm consoled him, and said, they should hope for better things. The driver came to tell them he was ready. They rose, and embraced in silence, went out of the house together, and having again embraced, bid each other farewell. Kronhelm desired Sigevart to remember him to Theresa and Marianne, and begged him to write frequently. Sigevart promised he would, and accompanied him to the carriage. Mark had his eyes filled with tears; he bowed respectfully to Sigevart, and the carriage drove off. When Sigevart was left in the road by himself, his grief broke out afresh. He recollected that every step he took removed him farther from his friend. He prayed ardently for his happiness, and longed to be with Maryanne, to ease his heart of some part of its care. When he arrived at Ingolstadt, Mr. Fischer, who was at the window, saw him, and asked him how he had left Kronhelm? He answered, that, with his permission, he would, in a few minutes, do

himself the pleasure of calling in. In about half an hour he went, and presented Mr. Fischer with a thousand compliments from Kronhelm. The counsellor expressed himself much obliged to him, and spoke highly in his praise. In half an hour Sigevart was going to take leave; but Mr. Fischer begged him to stop till his daughter came back, saying she was gone to call on one of her friends and would certainly return very soon. Sigevart was much pleased at this, for he had been uneasy at not seeing her. In a quarter of an hour she returned. The first thing she did was to make an apology to Sigevart. I thought you would come, she said, but I could not get away from the company in which I was. How have you left Mr. Kronhelm?—He desires me to give his best compliments to you. We were much affected at parting. The counsellor retired to his own room to write, and Marianne and Sigevart remained alone. He threw himself into her arms and wept. He

was unable to speak. He kissed her burning cheek bathed in tears, and retired. The next day he went out, low spirited and restless. The idea of having lost his friend followed him every where. In the evening he wrote him a very affectionate letter, and the next day received one from Theresa. She informed him that three days before, a gentleman who was a stranger came to her father's. We did what we could, she said, to entertain him well: he was very polite, and said he should dine with us. From his carriage and his servants, I judged he was somebody of consequence. I was in the kitchen seeing about the dinner, when he asked after me. You cannot imagine how affable he is, for though noble, he has not the least pride. He said a great deal to me, and asked me why I was so melancholy, and if love was the occasion of it. At these words I blushed, and could not look at him for a long time. He spoke with confidence to my father, and praised me much in

his presence. At a moment when all the servants were out of the room, he asked me if I knew a young man of the name of Kronhelm, and looked so earnestly at me, that I was quite confused. I blushed, and do not know what answer I made. I believe I said I did know him. He is my nephew, said he ; my name is Kronhelm. My father was going to rise, but he prevented him, saying, no ceremony, we are friends, and must be better acquainted. Then turning to me, my dear, said he, you love my nephew I think, don't you? Tell me freely ; I am glad of it ; and you shall have him, I give you my word for it. My brother indeed is rough and proud ; but I will go to him to-morrow, and talk to him seriously, and, if he will not listen to reason, I will take my nephew myself : I have no children, and he shall be my heir. In short I cannot tell you all the kind things he said to us. He promised my father, that the business should be all settled in a few weeks. In the

evening he took leave of us, embraced my father as if he had been his brother, kissed me, and departed. I cannot express the joy I feel: sometimes I think it is all a dream. Heaven has loaded me with blessings, for which I am truly grateful. Inform Kronhelm of what I have written, and tell him I hope to see him very shortly. When Sigevart had read this letter, he shed tears of joy; then raising his eyes to heaven, Great God! he exclaimed, I hope thou wilt also assist me. Oh my sister, my dear sister! He threw himself on his knees and prayed to God to make him and Marianne happy. Thus he passed half the day in a violent agitation of spirits. He would have written to Kronhelm, but could not collect his thoughts sufficiently. He saw Marianne at the window, and held up the letter to her, making her acquainted by signs with the joy that transported him. He would have gone over to her, had he not feared to be troublesome. He knew not with whom to

share his happiness ; and in the midst of so much pleasure felt more than ever the pain of being removed from so dear a friend as Kronhelm. After dinner he saw Marianne go out with her brother, and imagined she was going to walk in the country. He dressed himself therefore, and went out of the nearest gate of the city. He looked round in vain for Marianne. Often he saw somebody at a distance whom he took for her : his heart beat, and he hastened to join her ; but his vexation encreased when he found he was mistaken. At length, as he was returning to the city, quite melancholy, he heard a voice behind a hedge, which said, So you are taking a solitary walk, Mr. Sigevart ? He turned round, and perceived Marianne. What, are you here ? I have been looking in the fields for you, thinking to meet you there.—This is our garden, and I have come here to walk.—Is your brother there ? —No, he is gone out a shooting.—Oh that's lucky.—He went in imme-

diately, and gave her the letter. She was charmed with the good news it contained, and with the confidence Sigevart placed in her. Will not your brother be vexed, said he, if he finds me here?—Not at all, replied Marianne; he likes you now; my father and mother too love you; if you do but love me. Sigevart embraced her, and vowed eternal fidelity. In two hours the brother came back, quite happy at having killed two hares. Sigevart attended Marianne to her father's, and went home in high spirits, for it was long since he had spent so happy a day. Two days after, the man who had driven Kronhelm, brought Sigevart a letter from him. He said that being but just arrived he had not much to tell him. That he had found his father better than he expected; that he was able to walk about his room, but that he was much afraid of dying. He sent his compliments to Marianne, and Theresa, and told him to direct his letters under cover to Mr. Frederic

the bailiff. Sigevert, who had waited till he knew his friend's address, wrote to him immediately to acquaint him with all Theresa had communicated. What joy will he feel, thought he, when he opens my letter, if he yet knows nothing of what has passed! —He expected Kronhelm would have sent him an immediate answer, and was rather surprised at not receiving a letter from him, till many days had elapsed beyond the time necessary for that purpose. At last the letter came. Kronhelm informed him, that he was undone, that all hopes of marrying Theresa were gone, and that his father's illness was only a pretence. One day, continued he, when I was alone with my father, he said, he supposed, I still regretted that creature. I answered that if he meant Theresa, I had good reason to regret her. On this he flew into a violent passion, and seized me by the collar; but I got loose from him and shut myself up in my room. My father raged violently, and afterwards

went out on horseback. My sister came to me in tears, and begged me to yield: she said that for a fortnight, since my uncle had come, there had been continual disputes, and that the house was all confusion. She begged and prayed that I would give way to her father; but I said I would have Theresa, if it cost me my life. She owned I was right; but said I should ruin her, Theresa and myself; that Cunegonde did what she pleased with my father, who was more attached to her than ever. The next day my father behaved very kindly to me, and pretended to be sorry for his treatment of me, the day before. After dinner he proposed to me to go out a hunting, which I could not refuse, though I had no great inclination. After we had been out some time, he proposed to go to the next village to take some refreshment. The Bailiff at whose house we stopped, and where we met by accident the baron de Striebel, was a fellow of a very suspicious appearance. In about half an

hour a carriage drove up, in which were Seilberg, Regina Stellman, and the libertine Jobst. Miss Stellman paid a great deal of attention to me; but the more she attempted to attract my notice, the more disagreeable I thought her, because I knew her meaning. In the course of conversation, many obscure hints were dropped concerning me; but I seemed as if I did not understand them. Afterwards I went out to look at my horse, and when I returned, I found them all standing close together, and talking low and very earnestly. As soon as my father saw me come in, he called to me, and proposed to me to marry Miss Stellman. I refused, but my father ordering me to drink her health, I thought I had better comply, as there were so many persons present, and that when I was alone with him, I could speak in another manner. My father said, he was sorry there was no priest to marry us upon the spot; but he had scarcely spoken, when a door was opened, and a priest

introduced. Seeing there were no other means of retreating, and not knowing what else to do, I slipped out of a little door, which had been left open by mistake, went and took my horse from the stable,—and set off at full speed. I was fired at from the window, but without effect. My father and three other persons, immediately pursued me. They were on the point of overtaking me, when I leaped a very wide and deep ditch. They made a second discharge after me, but with as little success as the first. Hearing somebody cry out for help, I turned round, and saw that my father had fallen into the ditch. I continued my flight, and perceiving I was no longer pursued, concluded they had stopt to assist him. Having arrived very late at a village, by cross roads, and enquired its name, I was told it was Riesenbourg, about half a league from Grunzbourg. It immediately came into my head that I would enlist, and I accordingly set off to this city: being informed at the inn that

the captain was not yet gone to bed, I desired to see him, and enlisted in his company. In four or five days therefore, I shall go to Silesia, where I hope I shall soon get shot through the head. All hope has vanished from me for ever. I entreat you to console Theresa, whom I have lost, and to send her this letter.—He concluded by desiring Sigevart to remember him to Marianne, and to relate his misfortune to her. Enclosed was a letter for Theresa, the contents of which were nearly similar. It is impossible to express what Sigevart felt after the perusal of these two letters. When the first emotions of his grief were a little subsided, he thought of various plans for his friend's deliverance. At first he was for going to Grunzbourg; but not knowing how he should prevent him from departing, and thinking that as it was so far off, he might be gone before he could get there, he thought of more likely means. At length after many plans which by turns were received and re-

jected, he thought it would be best to go to Munich to Kronhelm's uncle, to represent to him the situation of his friend, and engage him to assist him. He did not know how to acquaint Marianne with the cause of his departure, but having by chance met her brother, he told him he was obliged to leave town upon some important business relating to Kronhelm. In an hour's time he set off, and was happy to see Marianne at her window, who looked at him affectionately as he saluted her. He arrived that night in a village, where he rested a few hours, and reached Munich the evening of the next day, but as it was late he did not go to the counsellor's. The next morning he desired to speak to him, and was vexed to find that he had been from home for three days, and it was not known where he was gone. Sigevart not knowing what to do, went to call on Kronhelm's sister. He told her what had happened to her brother, and his design in coming to Munich,

and asked if she knew where her uncle was to be found. She was struck dumb at this intelligence ; when she recovered a little from the surprise, she said she did not know of his absence ; that she had seen him only once since his return from her father's, to whom he had spoken about her brother, but without effect, and that she was ignorant of every thing else. At last she advised Sigevart to go to Grunzbourg ; or suppose, said she, we write to him : the post sets out in an hour, and a letter will reach him before you ; let us try to persuade him that his uncle will settle every thing, and that he will certainly marry Theresa. Though Sigevart was very desirous to return to Marianne, he did not hesitate. He immediately wrote a letter to his friend, advising him to stay at Grunzbourg, or if he had already left it, to return instantly, for that all would soon be well. Madame d'Eller also wrote him a very affecting letter, and they were both sent to the post. She kept Sigevart

to dinner, but desired him not to tell her husband the cause of his coming, as he was yet ignorant of the whole affair, and to acquaint him with it, might do more harm than good. Sigevart felt more easy, because he saw some glimmering of hope for his friend. Your sister must be very amiable, said Madame d'Eller, if she resembles you. If my uncle would come back, I hope he would arrange the affair. While they were thus conversing, M. d'Eller came in, he seemed much pleased at seeing Sigevart, and enquired after his brother-in-law. They talked a great deal of M. de Veit, and all blamed the manner in which he suffered himself to be guided by Cunegonde. Soon after dinner, Sigevart retired, and returned to Ingolstadt. As he went along he thought of Kronhelm, of Marianne, and of his sister. He could not decide whether he ought to acquaint the latter with what had happened to Kronhelm. He arrived at Ingolstadt the following night, and the next morn-

ing saw Marianne at the window. She looked melancholy, which made him very uneasy. In the evening he went to the concert, hoping to have an opportunity of speaking to her, but his uneasiness encreased, when he observed how low she seemed. After the concert was over, he drew her aside for two or three minutes, and acquainted her in a few words with what had happened. She was much surprised and affected, and said, and I too have some unpleasant intelligence for you. Pass by our garden gate to morrow afternoon; perhaps I may be there. She had scarcely spoken this, when a gentleman very splendidly dressed, came up, and in an embarrassed manner asked her how she did. Sigevert withdrew to one side, for he was extremely vexed, and went away. When he got home, he fell into a fit of despondency. Good God, said he, what can this mean? He thought Marianne already lost, though he could not guess the reason. He

passed the night in the greatest agitation of spirits. A thousand ideas came into his mind, and entirely prevented him from sleeping. He rose at day-break, and went to the window to look at the weather. The sky was at first covered with clouds, but it soon cleared up, and he hoped he should see Marianne. He thought all the morning of Kronhelm and Theresa, and was still undetermined whether he should write or not. As it was post day, he went to see if there were any letters for him; but none came. About three o'clock in the afternoon, he saw Marianne go out. He did not stay long at home, but took another way, and arrived at the garden. But what was his astonishment when he saw all fast. His distress was inexpressible, and he went and threw himself under a tree, with his eyes bathed in tears. He returned a second time to the garden, and saw Marianne at the window of the summer house. As soon as she perceived him, she went and opened

the gate for him. I have come rather late, said she, because I was obliged to call for one of my friends, but that need not hinder us from conversing. Sigevart was acquainted with this friend, having seen her, and heard her sing at the concert.—A little while after she went of her own accord to walk about the garden, and left the two lovers alone. Sigevart looked tenderly at Marianne, and did not dare to ask her any questions. She enquired particularly concerning Kronhelm and Theresa, and added, and we too, my dear Sigevart, are threatened with a misfortune. Our attachment is no longer so secret as I thought it was. •My sister-in-law knows it, and she is the person of whom I am most apprehensive. I must tell you sincerely that my mother has spoken to me of it, and that I have confessed every thing to her. My dear girl, said she, I pity you. I have long suspected your mutual attachment, and have been alarmed for you. I cannot tell what your

father thinks of Sigevart, and you know that nothing can be done without his consent. I cannot oppose him in any thing. He thinks of counsellor Schrager (he who came to our house yesterday) for your husband; and if Madame Theodore, who has a regard for him, interferes, I cannot tell how it will end. Consult your heart my dear, and see if you can consent to the match. Upon this, I embraced her, and said, you know Mama—Yes, said she, I know very well you prefer Sigevart. But recollect, he is at present nothing more than a student, and your father considers this. I will do all I can to assist you, but I can promise you nothing. Yet I would advise you, if possible, to banish him from your heart; for I confess I fear your prospect is not very favourable. Oh, my dear mother, I exclaimed, do all you can to get rid of this counsellor, whom I cannot endure. I love only Sigevart, and cannot live without him. At these words, Sigevart embraced

her. You will forget me, said he. No surely, replied Marianne, but we must have a little prudence, or we shall be undone. What use can it be of to us, asked Sigevart? If you doubt, answered Marianne, what would you have me do? promise to be firm; my mother and God will support me. My father will not forget that I am his daughter, and I will never cease to weep till his heart be softened. Promise to remain faithful to me; I shall ever be so to you. Go now, it will not be safe for you to stay any longer; but do not come next time to the concert.—Sigevart embraced her several times, and left her with his eyes bathed in tears. He then went and took a walk in the fields, and did not return home till the evening. His heart was most sensibly affected, and he could not weep. At length having prayed to God to assist them, he retired to bed more calm. The next morning when he rose, he prayed for Kronhelm and Theresa, and afterwards for Marianne and him.

self. At length he received a letter from Kronhelm, enclosing one from Theresa. Kronhelm informed him, that heaven had at length put an end to his misfortunes. That he was just ready to leave Grunzbourg with a party of recruits, when his uncle came to inform him that Theresa was his, all obstacles being removed by his father's death, who after his fall, had been seized with a spitting of blood which proved fatal to him. He further acquainted him that he was going immediately to see his dear Theresa, and that in a week, he hoped they should be united by the hand of the priest, never to be unhappy again. Theresa told him that her dear Kronhelm had been with them four days, and that her joy was too great to be expressed: Her father, she said, had never been so cheerful as since he saw her happy; that she hoped he would give up all thoughts of the convent, and be happy with Marianne. Sigevart forgot his own case for a few moments, as he read these letters;

but when he thought of Marianne, and the insurmountable obstacles that separated them, he felt the deepest affliction. Why, he exclaimed, should every body be happy except Marianne and I?—At length he wrote the following letter.—Forgive me my dear friends, if I do not write to you with that cheerfulness which I ought to feel. I am rejoiced at your happiness, but my joy is interrupted by misfortunes. God bless you, and make you happy; you know I love you sincerely. For me remains a path of difficulties. Love rendered me happy for a time, but now it makes me wretched: but do not vex yourselves too much; my misery will not be eternal. Pray for me, as I do for you; and live ever happy.—One day, when Sigevart returned from a walk, he was informed that a servant had been to speak to him, and would call again in an hour. He could not imagine whence he could come, and was beginning to make himself uneasy about it, when he was surprised

by the appearance of Mark. Oh how glad I am to see you, cried Mark, as he entered the room; I have been hunting every where for my master; can you give me any information about him?—Yes, answered Sigevart, he is very well, and will soon be married.—Thank Heaven! exclaimed Mark, leaping for joy; he deserves to be happy. I assure you it was terrible to see my master's father, when he was brought home. The blood gushed out of his nose and mouth; he swore and cursed my master, he asked where he was, and being told he was gone, nobody knew where, he gave orders that he might be sought for immediately. I took the first horse that came to hand, and sought about for him every where; but all those of whom I enquired knew no more than myself. So then I returned to the house quite melancholy; and now it was worse than ever; M. de Veit was continually swearing about my master; then he would pray, and then swear again. His eyes rolled wildly

in his head, and he died in violent convulsions. When I saw all was over, and that every body took all they could lay hands upon, particularly Miss Cunegonde, I made a parcel of all my things, slung it on my back, and set out, hoping to find my master. I was near being taken by the Austrians, for want of a passport; but at length I got away from them. As I did not know where my master was, I thought of coming to you, supposing you certainly could tell me.—Sigevart acquainted him where he was.—It is rather far, said Mark, and I have no passport: could not you give me a letter for Mr. Kronhelm, and a certificate of my being his servant? Sigevart wrote them immediately. But, said the servant, I have a greater favor to beg; as it is a good way, and I have scarcely any money....How much do you want?—If you will lend me sixteen batzen, I shall have enough—Sigevart made him a present of three florins, which he had some difficulty

to make him accept.—The next day Marianne sent Sigevart the works of Kleist, which he had lent her. On opening the packet, he found a note, in which she informed him that there were some hopes for them ; that her mother had again spoken to her on the subject, that she had promised to do all in her power to assist them, and had advised her father not to marry her to the counsellor, desiring her to be easy, but at the same time not too sanguine. She recommended him to place his trust in God, and to remain faithful to her. She added, that she wished very much to speak to him, and would go the next day with a friend to her garden, where he might see her. Sigevart was consoled on reading this letter : he went the next day to the counsellor's garden, and found Marianne and her friend already there, waiting for him. Sigevart acquainted them with the good fortune of Kronhelm, and his sister, which seemed to give them much pleasure. Marianne and Sigevart went to walk

about the garden, and sat down in a thick arbour, where they renewed their protestations of love and fidelity. He told her he would write to his father; that Kronhelm's uncle was interested in his happiness, and would procure him the place of a bailiff. I am glad to hear of this, said Marianne, for my mother told me you intended to be a monk; and I did not know what to think of it.—Sigevart assured her of the contrary. Soon after Marianne's friend joined them; but this did not disturb them, for she was acquainted with their attachment, and wished to see them happy. Marianne desired Sigevart to come the next time to the concert; saying that her sister-in-law was ill, and that he had nothing to apprehend. At dusk they returned home. When he got home he thought of writing to Kronhelm and Theresa; but the pleasure he had experienced so confused him that he could not collect his ideas. He intended also to write to his father; but he put it off till the next day, as he

had often done before. Some days after he received a letter from Theresa. She told him she was married, and the happiest of women ; that several of her father's friends had been at the wedding, but the curate of Windenheim had been prevented by illness : that they had however been to see him, and that he had given them his blessing, which God would surely fulfil. The counsellor, she continued, behaves like a father to me ; he is extremely kind, and calls me his daughter. He has desired my father to retain my portion, saying, that as he has no children, it will be a real satisfaction to him to make us happy, by adopting us as his heirs. She concluded by saying, they were much affected by his letter ; that they hoped every thing would turn out according to his wishes, and desired him to give their compliments to Marianne. Kronhelm had added a few lines at the bottom of the letter, to say how thankful he was for his happiness, and that he would enjoy the same, if he would be patient

and sincere. Sigevart was happy when he had read these letters, and trusted that the wishes of his friends for him, would be accomplished. He wrote to his brother-in-law, and communicated his hopes to him. At the next concert, Sigevart went to Mr. Fischer's. He sang a duet with Marianne, which was much applauded. After the concert Mr. Fischer invited Sigevart and all the rest of the company, for the next time; telling them that, as it was to be the last concert for the season, there would be a ball. Before the time came, Sigevart saw Marianne again in her garden. She confirmed him more and more in his hopes. On the Wednesday, which was the day of the concert, Sigevart played with great success. Marianne's brother also played very well. After supper Mr. and Mrs. Fischer opened the ball. Sigevart danced a minuet with Marianne, and the rest of the company danced in their turn. Sigevart also danced a minuet with Mrs. Fischer; and, after they had finished,

they sat down together upon a sofa. She spoke to him of her daughter, and said I am much pleased with your regard for her, and she has certainly told you my sentiments. Be prudent; one often gains more by proceeding quietly than by attempting to do too much at once. I have heard you were designed for a monk: will not your father be displeased at so sudden a change? He will be surprised, answered Sigevart; but I shall write to him immediately. While they were conversing, a gentleman came up to take out Mrs. Fischer to dance. Sigevart remained a moment seated, and then danced again with Marianne. It was now half past two o'clock, and the company were separating, when a dispute arose between Joseph, and a student of the name of Dieling. The latter was intoxicated, and attempted to interrupt the dancing. Joseph told him he did not know how to behave himself; upon which he flew into a passion and drew his sword. He was going to strike Joseph with

it, when Sigevart, who was by the side of counsellor Schrager, ran up and snatched it out of his hand, and another person turned him out of the room. Every body was alarmed, particularly the counsellor and his wife. Mr. Fischer embraced Sigevart, and thanked him for saving his son's life. The mother and brothers did the same. When Sigevart went away, Joseph attended him to the door; he called him his friend, and asked what he wished in return for the service he had just done him. Nothing, replied Sigevart, except your and your sister's friendship. I wish she might be yours, answered Joseph, and if it depended upon me, you should have her immediately. While Joseph was speaking, Sigevart perceiving his elder brother coming up, was alarmed, and went away. The next day Joseph came to tell him, that he and his sister should go alone to the garden, and they should be glad if he would meet them there. He found Marianne more and more amiable. They were

conversing very agreeably together, when Joseph, who had gone to another part of the garden, came to them, and told them that his brother was coming with his wife. Marianne and Sigevart rose immediately, and they all three advanced to meet this amiable pair. This is the gentleman who saved Joseph yesterday, said Marianne to her sister-in-law.—Oh! answered she, I think I have seen him frequently at the concert. This lady was extremely thin, and envy was painted on her countenance. Her husband was a tall thin man, who had an air of timidity about him. Marianne's sister-in-law asked her, if she had spent the last evening agreeably? and on her answering that she had, replied, but Mr. Schrager did not. I do not know why he should not, said Marianne, for no one did any thing to prevent him. She asked Sigevart if he intended to be a monk, and as he replied that he was not determined, she continued to observe that it was the best thing he could do. As she spoke, she looked

sarcastically at Marianne, to shew the young people she knew of their attachment. Often they were at a loss how to answer her questions, and their cheeks were covered with blushes. At length Sigevart, convinced that she would stay till he was gone, retired. He was uneasy at this unwelcome meeting, and wrote a letter to Marianne, which he sent her the next day, by her maid, whom he met in the street. When he got home he determined to write to his father, to acquaint him with his love, and describe to him Marianne's character; he entreated him not to be angry, saying, that he could not be happy without her. After three days, he began to grow uneasy at receiving no answer from Marianne. At last Joseph called to inform him that he and his sister, should walk in the garden of one of her friends, and that he might join them. Sigevart did not fail to be there. As soon as they were together, Marianne dissipated his fears, and told him he had nothing to apprehend,

that his sister-in-law could conjecture nothing, as her brother was with them, and that he might rely on her fidelity; but that she disapproved the manner in which he had sent his letter; that servants should never be entrusted with secrets of this nature. Such conduct made us dependent upon them, besides its exposing us to the censure of calumny and malice. Sigevart was charmed with her prudence, and embraced her. She then informed him that her father and sister-in-law, were going shortly to Abacher near Regenspourg to drink the waters, and would remain there several weeks; and that she was going to visit one of her aunts, who lived in the country at a short distance from the town, where he might frequently come and see her. Sigevart was delighted with this intelligence. He told her he had written to his father, and in three weeks at farthest, should have his answer. The same week Mr. Fischer set off with his son and daughter-in-law to the waters, and the next day

Marianne went to her aunt's, who in two days after sent a letter to Sigevart, inviting him to come and see her. Marianne had added a few lines at the bottom, full of tenderness and affection. He therefore departed immediately, and found Marianne, walking in the garden with her aunt, and a young lady of the name of Caroline, who received him with great politeness. Madame Held, was about fifty five, and had evidently been handsome. She told Sigevart she knew he stood high in Marianne's good opinion; that she was very glad of it, and hoped they would be more happy in their attachment than she had been. They continued to walk in the garden, which was laid out with much taste. Sigevart and Marianne walked together arm in arm, and their hearts overflowed with tenderness. Marianne put a ring on the finger of her lover, who was overpowered with joy, and unable to find words to thank her. After they had passed a delicious day, he took leave of the company, pro-

missing to return as soon as possible. He did not fail to go almost every day, and even agreed with a person in the village, to lodge him, when he should be too late to go home. One day, when he was with Marianne, he said to her ; Where can counsellor Schragger be gone ; I saw him go by in his travelling coach ? He is doubtless gone to Abacher, said Marianne—Do you think that your father has told him ?—He may have written to him perhaps.—He was uneasy at this, but she desired him not to fear. This day he returned to town, hoping to receive a letter from his father. When the post-man came, he snatched the letter eagerly, and tore it open. But what was his astonishment, when instead of a letter from his father, he found it was from young Grunbach, to say he should soon be at Ingolstadt. Sigevart threw down the letter without finishing it. He was unable to conceive why his father did not write to him. He went however to see Marianne, and in her company forgot

his uneasiness. Before he left them in the evening, Madame Held said to him, I suppose we shall lose you now, Mr. Sigevart; for in two days Marianne returns to town. However I hope you will, now and then, come and spend an afternoon with us; and, though Marianne will not be with us, we will do our best to amuse you. Sigevart promised to visit her, took leave of the company, embraced Marianne, and returned to town. When he got home, he found a letter from his sister, full of kindness, and saying how happy she was with Kronhelm. Sigevart in answer, acquainted her how his and Marianne's affairs went on; and concluded by saying, how much he was surprised at not hearing from his father. Two days after Marianne came back from the country. Sigevart nodded to her from his window, and was charmed to see her again. At length he received a letter from his father which alarmed him extremely. He informed him that he was going to answer his letter,

when he was attacked by a severe illness. For the last two days, he continued, I have been easier, and the physician gives me some hopes ; but I am still doubtful, for I am very weak. You know, my dear Xavier, how much I love you ; I should wish much to see you before I die, to give you my blessing. I would also willingly speak to you concerning your own affairs. In case I should die before you arrive, these are my final wishes and advice. Study the law, if you should find it agreeable, live happy with Marianne, and assure her of my esteem. These are the wishes of thy father on his death bed. Come as soon as possible, and be convinced of the affection with which I remain till death, your father, SIGEVART. Sigevart was breathless with grief on reading this letter, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes. Before he departed, he determined to speak to Marianne, and went over to her. She came into the room where he was, and he shewed her his father's letter.

She turned pale, and could scarcely hold it in her hands. After reading it she threw herself into his arms, and wept. He begged her to write to him while he was gone, which she promised to do. Before he went away, he went into Mrs. Fischer's apartment, and shewed her his father's letter. She was affected, and hoped all would turn out well. He embraced Marianne and departed. As he travelled along, a thousand melancholy ideas crowded on his mind. It was late when he reached the village. He went immediately to his father's house. All was still: he put his horse in the stable, and went in: he heard not the least noise; with his heart weighed down by apprehension, he entered his father's room. His brothers, Salomé, and his sister-in-law, were sitting round the bed. They rose up softly, when they saw him enter. The paleness of death already covered the countenance of his father. As soon as he perceived him, he stretched out his expiring

hand, and then let it fall through weakness. My son, said he....At these words Sigevart threw himself on the bed, embraced his father, and bathed him in his tears. I am delighted, continued the old man, in a feeble tone, to see you once more before I die. Then laying his cold hand on his son's forehead, receive, he continued, my blessing; God render thy days happy, my dear boy...live a steady...and good life...be happy with thy Marianne...these are my last wishes...As he spoke these words, he tenderly grasped his son's hand, and expired. The room was instantly full of lamentations. Sigevart threw himself on his father's body, pressed him to his bosom, raised to heaven his eyes bathed in tears, and left the room overcome with affliction. Charles also wept, as well as Salomé, and his sister-in-law. Sigevart, who had thrown himself on his bed, cried, till his fatigue made him go to sleep. He rose very early, and went to his sister's, to arrange every thing neces-

sary for the funeral, which was to be the next day. They related to him all the particulars of the illness, of the resignation of his father, and his little fear of death. They told him also, that he had frequently asked after him. Sigevart was so affected, that he was obliged to walk in the garden to recover himself. He afterwards went to his own room, and wrote the following letter to Marianne.—My father is dead, my dear girl, and I have received his blessing. His last words were, be happy with thy Marianne.—To morrow he is to be buried. O my dearest Marianne, what a loss is mine? the best and most affectionate of fathers. I cannot say more, my dear friend, I sink under the weight of my affliction. Thy fidelity alone, can console me. I expect to be with you in a week at farthest. Farewell my love, and believe me ever thine

SIGEVART.

When he had sealed his letter, he carried it himself to the post. At dinner they were all melancholy and

silent. In the afternoon they walked out a little into the country. All the peasants were grieved at the loss of their bailiff. Salomé told Sigevart that she had written four days before to her sister, who would certainly come with her husband, if it were possible. They returned to the house more melancholy than when they left it. When Sigevart was in his room, he heard a noise upon the stair case; and thought it was the men bringing up the coffin. When it was carried into the chamber of the deceased, and he was put into it, they proceeded to nail it down. Sigevart, who heard every thing that was doing in this room, because it was separated from his only by a thin partition, sobbed bitterly. Every stroke of the hammer, was like a dagger to his heart.—He went to bed this day earlier than usual, having had little sleep the night before. The next morning when he awoke, he wept to think he was an orphan; he raised his heart to God, and prayed to him to assist

him. When he went down into the parlour, all was melancholy. Many of his father's nearest friends, and several other persons came to attend the burial. The sound of the bells, as they approached the church-yard, rendered the scene still more gloomy. When they reached the church-yard, Sigevart placed himself on his mother's tomb, and looked at the grave in which they were going to lay his father. When the grave was covered in, an old woman laid a garland upon it, as a mark of gratitude for the good he had done her. This action gave Sigevart great pleasure. His father's friends, who had attended the funeral, staid to dinner. The loss they had just sustained, rendered them incapable of conversing. The next day, Sigevart went with Salomé, to his brother Charles's, to speak to him of his intention to study the law, and to tell him he should want money for this purpose. Charles would not listen to it; he treated it as trifling, and said he should have nothing; that

besides there was no ready money, and that he had learning enough to be a monk. It was in vain Sigevart remonstrated, and said his father had given him permission under his own hand-writing: all was to no purpose. In short he employed all the arguments he could think of; but seeing that he could gain nothing, he proceeded to threaten him, reproved him for his avarice, and said he would oblige him to give him the portion that belonged to him. On this he went away. When he got home he murmured against his brother's avarice; and said to himself, oh Marianne! I will have thee in spite of all obstacles. I shall be able to supply my own wants. Salomé came to remind him, that he had promised Charles to dine with him, and that it was time to go. Not wishing to quarrel directly with his brother, he went. During dinner Charles and his wife took a pleasure in saying ill natured things to him. His sister-in-law said, you will doubtless go back to the university to

morrow : I shall, replied he angrily ;
 for he saw by her manner, that they
 heartily wished him away ; and at five
 o'clock he left them. It was now he
 was sensible of the greatness of his
 loss. He went into the church-yard,
 seated himself on the grave, and
 watered it with his tears. Oh my
 father, and mother, he exclaimed, do
 not forget your child even in heaven :
 pray for him, and see the injustice
 with which he is treated. When he
 got home, he thought he would write
 to Kronhelm and Theresa to acquaint
 them with his situation. When he
 carried his letter to the post, he en-
 quired if there was not one for him
 from Ingolstadt. He was told there
 was not, which much surprised him,
 as he expected an answer from Ma-
 rianne. He desired if one should
 come, that it might be sent back to
 Ingolstadt, as he meant to depart im-
 mediately for that city. He went to
 bed very early, intending to set off
 by break of day. He was just going
 to depart, when he saw a carriage com-

ing, and perceived it was driven by Mark. He ran to meet it, and saw Kronhelm and Theresa. They had heard the day before, in a neighbouring village, that their father was already dead, and as it was late, had thought it best to stop. Theresa got out of the carriage in tears, and threw herself into her brother's arms. Kronhelm was deeply affected: he tenderly embraced his dear Sigevart, saying; I am charmed with seeing you again, though I am grieved it should be on so melancholy an occasion. Kronhelm then took him aside, and asked how his affairs went on with Marianne. He told him all that had happened, and that he had had his father's consent. Theresa joined them, and he told them what had passed between him and Charles. They were surprised at the behaviour of their brother, and sister-in-law; but Kronhelm told him not to be uneasy; that he would endeavour to arrange matters for him, and that his purse was at his service, not as a gift, which he

offered him, but as a mark of gratitude for the benefits he had received from him. Without you, said he, I should not possess my dear Theresa. Sigevart was sensible to these marks of friendship, and was going to thank him, when Charles and his wife entered. They were surprised at seeing their brother and sister-in-law, and saluted them, which the others returned very coldly. Kronhelm addressing himself to Charles, said; It seems to me, brother, that you do not use Xavier well. He excused himself saying, that things were better than he had expected, and that Xavier's wishes might be complied with. I hope so, replied Kronhelm, for I shall take his affairs upon myself. Charles's wife was for taking a part in the conversation, and said her father-in-law had decided nothing. But Kronhelm cut her short, by saying, you were not spoken to madam; I expected no good from you, for I know how you have behaved towards me and my wife; and as she still

maintained that her father had decided nothing, he told her it was not the case; for that he had written to his wife, that in case Xavier should not come before his death, they would find in his bureau, a paper containing his last wishes concerning him; besides, said he, this is not a time to dispute. She turned pale with anger, and Kronhelm turned towards Sigevart, and spoke of their father's death. Kronhelm said, he should take no part of the inheritance; that the possession of Theresa, was sufficient for him. Theresa wished only for a diamond ring, that her father had always worn; which was given her. Charles and his wife were asked to stay to dinner. Afterwards they opened the bureau, and found a letter addressed to Sigevart. His father gave him leave to study the law, and told him, that for this purpose, he would find a purse, containing seventy five ducats, of which he made him a present, over and above his share of the inheritance. When this

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letter was read, Charles and his wife looked round with astonishment, but did not dare to say any thing before Kronhelm, because he had given up his share. Theresa found the ring, and put it on her finger with tears. She wanted to go to the church-yard; but Kronhelm would not permit her, fearing that it would encrease her grief, and she would make herself ill. When Charles was gone, Sigevart told Kronhelm and his sister, how desirous he was to return next day to Ingolstadt to see Marianne. They would have been glad to have had him longer with them, but could not oppose his inclination, knowing by experience, how melancholy it is to be separated from the object of one's love. Kronhelm told him, that his uncle had said, that if he studied diligently, he would procure him a place in the college, and that he might speak of it to Mr. Fischer, when he had an opportunity. Sigevart was charmed with this intelligence, and conceived great hopes.

from it. They conversed about their father. Sigevart was rejoiced to see the harmony that reigned between Kronhelm and his sister. The latter spoke to him of a gentleman who lived in their neighbourhood, and often came to see them. He is of a very engaging character, said she, and I believe will soon marry Kronhelm's sister. The day for Sigevart's departure being come, he took leave of Kronhelm and his sister. All the way he went along, he thought of his father, and consoled himself with the hopes of soon seeing Marianne. When he arrived at Ingolstadt, Marianne was not at the window. He saw only her father, and as he distrusted him, he did not go to visit him. The next day, still Marianne did not make her appearance—this threw him into some perplexity. Her father came to the window, but as soon as he perceived Sigevart, shut it, and walked away. Sigevart knew not what this could mean. He went out in hopes of meeting Marianne, but

in vain. As he was walking home in the evening, Marianne's brother came behind him, and gave him two letters, one from his sister, and one from himself. Sigevart asked him what was the matter? I must leave you, said he, my father is behind me; you will find every thing in these letters. Sigevart had scarcely strength to get up stairs. He sat down, and read Marianne's letter first. It was a kind of Journal. The 17th of August: she said she had sat down to write to him, according to her promise; that she had been very low since he left her, and hoped he would soon return; that she could not write much, because she and her mother were busy, preparing for her father's return, which would be in two days. She concluded with wishes for his father's recovery, and promised to write again the next day. August 18. She told him she had been in her garden, and that if she had had pen and ink, she could have written him a long letter, as she was alone; that she wished he

had been with her to talk with her; but that she had thought of him and written his name upon the trees. August 19. I have just time to say a few words. My father came back yesterday; he was accompanied by counsellor Schrager, my brother, and his wife. He looked very ill humoured. The company staid about an hour with us. They were hardly gone, when he asked my mother if nothing had happened—No, she replied—Nothing to Marianne?—No—We shall see, said he, and left us. Good God, said my mother, when we were alone, what can this mean? I have never seen your father in such an ill humour. I beg you, Marianne, not to shew so much aversion for counsellor Schrager; you know I suffer by it myself. Oh mother, cried I, embracing her, pray for me: I have need of support.—I will, but think what you are doing.—Oh Sigvard! what will become of us? Something terrible awaits us; but, let them do what they will, I am your's

for ever, whether alive or dead. Come back as soon as possible, perhaps it will be long before we shall see each other again. August 18th. Ten o'clock in the morning. Oh my dear Sigevart! what affliction am I in! This morning at breakfast my father asked me if you had been frequently in the country?—No father, I replied—He came up to me, and struck me a violent blow on the face, saying, yes, but I know he has. I fell from my chair; my mother came to me, and he reproached her in the most cruel manner. She attempted to appease him, but he ordered her to be silent, saying that my conduct was well known, and proper care should be taken to prevent my continuing in the same course; and that if I did not marry the counsellor, he would be the death of me. He then took me by the arm, and said, get along with you to your own room; think of what I have been saying; I give you two hours to form your resolution. I am now, my dear Sige-

vart, forsaken by all the world, and
 overwhelmed with fear. It would
 be impossible for me to marry the
 counsellor, even if you were out of
 the question, for I have the greatest
 aversion for him. Five o'Clock in
 the afternoon. I have had two severe
 trials to undergo, and am astonished
 that I am still alive. At eleven
 o'clock, a servant came for me;
 the tears stood in the poor fellow's
 eyes.—Well, said my father, what
 is your determination? I looked at
 him with an air of supplication.—
 Will you answer or not?—Yes. For-
 give me my dear father; but I cannot
 —What still obstinate? Get out with
 you. You had best think again, I
 assure you: This afternoon at two
 o'clock, will be the last time I shall
 ask you; if you do not comply, it is
 all over with you; I shall cease to
 look upon you as my daughter: get
 out of my sight. Then he ordered
 that I should be locked up in my
 own room. As I went out, my
 mother said to me, I beg of you, my

dear child, to think of what you are doing, otherwise we are all undone. The servant followed me and locked the door. At dinner he brought me up some soup, and a mug of water, and went away without speaking; but I saw by his countenance that it vexed him to be obliged to behave in this manner. At two o'clock I was sent for. When I entered the room, my brother and my sister-in-law came up to me. I am willing, said my father, to speak to you once more with calmness. It is a shame for you to think of marrying a young man, whom I scarcely know; We are ready to pass it over as the thoughtlessness of a girl; but you must now promise us two things; the first never more to think of him; and the second, to marry counsellor Schrager to day. At five o'clock, he will be here.—Mr. Schrager, replied I, trembling, may be a very excellent man; but must I therefore marry him? I assure you, that it is impossible—Undutiful girl, cried my father; will you make me

die with anger.—Let her proceed, said my sister-in-law; let us see on what fine foundation she goes—I have nothing against him, said I, turning towards her, with a sort of pride, except my heart.....An unnatural heart, interrupted my father. Once more, will you marry the counsellor or not?—I cannot—Then go to the devil, said he, coming towards me in a rage; but my mother and my brother stopped him. You must marry him, said my sister in-law, instead of that beggar who has turned your head. At these words, I felt my pride hurt, and I told her with a degree of contempt, that I should be obliged to her to hold her tongue. What, cried my brother, do you insult my wife? I paid no attention, and turning to my father, said to him, would you render me unhappy by a marriage, in which I should be wretched? You are a fool, he replied. Once more, will you marry him—Never. On this he struck me so violently with his fist in the face, that the blood gushed out of

my nose and mouth, and I fainted in the arms of my mother, whom he insulted in the grossest manner. When I came to myself, I threw myself at my father's feet, and said, since it is so, I have only one favour to ask of you: it is to put me into a convent. On this he gave me a kick in the side. If that be all she wants, said my sister-in-law, she may be easily satisfied. Shut her up in a convent; she will repent of it. 'Tis all one to me, returned my father; she may go tomorrow, if she will. Then turning to me, you will not marry him then? —No, I cannot.—Well then, leave the room.—I retired. I wish you much pleasure, said my sister-in-law. I looked at her with contempt, and went out. The servant led me to my room, all in tears. As for myself I was too much oppressed to be able to weep. I had written thus far, when I heard my door open. I hid the letter in my bosom, and threw the pen out of the window. My elder brother came in, and asked for my

inkstand, and my pens: have you any paper?—No—He searched in my drawer, and in my pockets, but found nothing. Are there no hopes said I?—We set off to-morrow—he made no more answer, and went away. I had now nothing to write with; but a piece of lead, pulled off the window, served me for a pen. An hour ago, the servant came in with a bundle of things under his arm; you must pack up your cloaths to set off to morrow Miss, said he, crying bitterly; but I wish you could prevent it; for down stairs there are nothing but disputes. My mistress will not have you sent to a convent, but your sister-in-law insists you shall go, and says she'll take you herself. Conrad, said I, I cannot change my resolution. I then asked him if he would do me an important service; but that he must be secret. He promised, and said, I might depend upon him.—Well, then, to morrow, when you come for me, I will give you a letter,

which you will deliver to my youngest brother, but take care no one sees you, otherwise I am ruined. I hope my dear Sigevart you will receive my letter. Must I then abandon a world, where you live? Great God, who would have imagined it! You see, my dear friend, I had no other way to remain faithful to you; for marrying the counsellor, would have been worse to me, than being removed to a distance from you, or than death itself. Who knows when we may meet again? perhaps in eternity. This hope is my only consolation; let it be also yours. A day will come when we shall be happy. This was not all. My mother came to me. Oh my dear friend, what a trial was this! She begged of me, with tears in her eyes, to consider if I could not give my hand to the counsellor, for that if I did not, we should never see each other again. What a blow for me! It was the only request that my mother had ever made to me, and this only request I was obliged to refuse

her; her, whom I love, and for whom I would spill the last drop of my blood; but to be unfaithful to you; no, that is impossible; I was therefore forced to refuse her. I cannot describe our parting. It was affecting beyond expression. Thus then I have lost my mother, my lover, and my friends. Oh Sigevart, what a situation is mine? Oh thou, whom I can see no more, but who dwellest in my soul, listen to my deep sighs, and remember that it is for thy sake, that I am abandoned by all the world. My brother came again to ask me in my father's name, if my resolution remained unshaken, and on my answering yes, said that he no longer acknowledged me for his child, and that I must prepare to depart at three o'clock the next morning. Oh my dear Sigevart, thou comest not to the assistance of thy Marianne, of her who loves thee beyond herself! be persuaded that she will remain faithful to thee, even to the tomb; that shut up between four walls she will

think incessantly of thee. When thou lookest at the moon, think of thy Marianne, for she will think of thee and recall the days that are past : think a'so of the happy moments we have spent in conversing of our love ; and lastly, think that if God should not unite us on earth, he will unite us in heaven. God grant that this letter may reach you. It will make you weep, but it may also give you some consolation. Farewel my dear Sigevart ; it is the last time I can address you, and even now it is only by writing. Be always faithful to me, and may God shortly unite us : this is my only and earnest wish. Console yourself, and pray for Marianne.—At the back of the letter were the following lines addressed to her brother Joseph.—My dear brother, I have one more service to ask of you ; and it is the last. Give this letter to Sigevart, as soon as he comes back ; let him know what happened the day of my departure. I entreat you with tears in my eyes, to afford me this

consolation. God bless you, my dear brother; comfort our mother, and pity your unfortunate sister,

MARIANNE.

Sigevart could with difficulty read this letter; he shed a torrent of tears, and sometimes was seized with such a shivering, that he could scarcely hold the letter. His whole body was covered with a cold sweat, and he fell almost fainting on a chair. He rang and called for a light. When the maid brought it, she was alarmed at seeing him so pale. What is the matter with you? said she, shall I send for a physician?—No; make me some strong broth; I shall soon be better. The maid went away, pitying him with all her heart. When he had taken the broth, he felt stronger, and attempted to read Marianne's letter once more; but his eyes were so confused that he could not proceed. He therefore took up Joseph's letter, and read as follows.

MY DEAR SIGEVART, I am much affected by my sister's situation, and send

you her letter, with all the information concerning her, that I am able to give you. Yesterday morning, at three o'clock, without my being able to speak to her, (neither my father nor mother saw her) my brother and his wife took her away in their carriage. They went out of the city by the Ratisbon gate; this is all I can tell you about them, for none of the servants dared to follow them. My brother is not yet returned. It is certain that my sister-in-law is the chief cause of her being put into a convent: doubtless, she has her reasons for it. My mother is plunged into affliction, and no one dares speak to my father. He will not suffer your name to be mentioned, and sometimes even threatens vengeance against you; on which account I would advise you to leave this place as soon as possible. I cannot see you any more, for my father has me watched, and if he were to know that I came to your house, he would kill me. Adieu my dear Sigevart. I feel both for you and my

sister, and am sorry I cannot give you more certain intelligence concerning her. I remain your ever faithful friend,

JOSEPH FISCHER.

This letter was like a thunder bolt to Sigevart. He sunk upon the table, covered his face with his hands, and remained, for half an hour, almost in a state of insensibility. At length he went to bed. Then, when he was alone, and all was still, he saw the full extent of his misfortune. He incessantly exclaimed, I have lost her for ever! Half the night passed in these melancholy reflections. Then he saw Marianne, pale, and suffering for his sake. Oh God, he cried, send death to my relief; there is no more happiness for me in this world! Exhausted by the excess of his grief, he fell at last into a profound sleep, which lasted till late the next morning, when he was awakened by the servant coming in to enquire after his health. I am better, said he: make me some coffee. He rose, and dressed himself immediately. He saw Ma-

rienne's letter on the table, and Joseph's on the ground, and took and locked them up. He was alarmed on going to the glass, to see how ill he looked. He went to his desk, and with a trembling hand wrote the following letter to Kronhelm.

MY DEAR BROTHER, In you I seek for the only consolation that remains for me in the world; fortune has cast me down very low; your hand must assist to raise me. All is over with me; I have lost my dear Marianne; she has been put into a convent; where I do not know. Her father is the most cruel of men. Oh, my dear friend, come immediately to my relief, or permit me to come and weep with you. Do not acquaint my sister with my misfortune, for fear of affecting her too much. I cannot write any more, my eyes are full of tears, and my heart of sorrow. Farewell; pity my fate, and pray for thy faithful friend

SIGEVART.

When he had sent his letter, he asked his landlady how much he was in-

debted to her. She was surprised, and wished to know if he were going to leave her entirely. No, he replied, but perhaps I may die. He paid the bill, and then packed up many of his things in his portmanteau, without knowing why. He sat down on a chair, took out Marianne's letter, read a page of it, and then put it back into his pocket book. He went out to see Dahlmund; but could not meet with him. He would have been glad to find a friend into whose bosom he could pour all his sorrows; but he had not such a one at Ingolstadt. - At length he thought that he would go to Mr. Fischer's, to tell him that Kronhelm's uncle had promised to procure him a good place. He went over, and sent word by the servant, that he wished to speak to him on business of great importance. The servant came back, and told him, from his master, that he wondered at his assurance, in daring to come to his house, desiring him to leave it instantly. Sigevart returned home overwhelmed with af-

fliction, weeping with anger, and execrating Mr. Fischer. He went to bed but could not sleep. The idea struck him to go the next day to see Mrs. Held and Caroline, and relieve his heart, by acquainting them with his misfortune. When he rose in the morning, he locked up his room, left word that he should not be at home for two days, and departed. The day was fine, and the heat excessive. He was at a short distance from the village, when he saw a man coming towards him, and perceived it was Thomas, Mrs. Held's footman. He wished Sigevert a good day, and said to him; It is a long time since we have seen you, sir; have you quite forsaken us?—I have been on a journey, he replied; but where were you going in such haste Thomas?—I am going to town, to carry this portmantau to Mr. Schrager, who has passed through the village. It is probably his, for I am pretty sure I saw it behind his carriage, when he went through two days back. He drove

himself, and there were two ladies within side; one of them looked like the handsome young lady, you used to walk with at Mrs. Held's.—Good God, cried Sigevart, it is Marianne! Which way did they go?—They went to Altmanstein, which is the next village to ours. Sigevart took leave of the servant, and followed the road to Altmanstein. Elevated by the hopes of soon finding Marianne, he hurried on without regarding the heat. When he reached the village, he asked if such a carriage, as Thomas had described, had passed through? An old woman said that it had gone to the next village, and shewed him the way. Sigevart stopped at her house, to refresh himself a little after his fatigue, and having taken some bread and milk, continued his journey. In this manner he went on, till exhausted with fatigue, he was obliged to stop at the cottage of a labourer. He had walked till his feet were covered with blisters. The peasant took care of him, rubbed

his feet with brandy, and did every thing he could wish. For some days he was so ill, that he was unable to go out. This interruption to his search for Marianne, was a severe blow upon him. He recovered gradually, and finding himself one day better than usual, determined to set off the next morning. When he reached the last of several villages through which he had followed Marianne, there was only a woman who could inform him which way the carriage had taken. She told him that before he came to the next village, he must pass through a forest, and described very minutely the track he was to pursue, in order to reach it. Sigevart was too much occupied with Marianne, to attend to her directions, and set off for the village. In crossing the forest, he missed the way, and soon lost himself so completely, that he had no idea of the path he ought to follow. Overcome with grief, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and gave free vent to his tears. Oh Marianne, he ex-

claimed, if we were here together, at a distance from a cruel and deceitful world, we should be happy. But now perhaps, shut up alone, between four walls, you are lamenting your dear Sigevart, whose love for you will never end, but with his life.— He looked at his watch, and was astonished to see it was so late. He rose hastily, and walked forwards. Night was fast approaching, and Sigevart began to lose all hopes of regaining the right track, when he perceived a little hut at a distance. He hastened up to it, and was vexed to find the door shut. He however sat down on the turf near it, expecting that the owner would soon return. The hut was very low and small; the roof was formed of branches of fir. Instead of windows, it had only a few small holes for the admission of light. Round it grew a few fruit trees, and useful herbs. In about half an hour, an hermit, of a venerable aspect, and a grave majestic deportment, came up. When Sigevart perceived him,

he rose up and saluted him respectfully. The hermit was so astonished at seeing a man in his solitude, that he at first stood motionless with surprise; at last he went up in a friendly manner to Sigevart, and said, you are certainly unfortunate, or you would not be here. Yes, answered Sigevart, I have been wandering all day long in this forest, and I have lost my way.—Poor young man, said the hermit, you must be much fatigued. I will bring you such refreshment, as my retreat affords. Saying this, he opened his door, brought out some bread and cheese, and a jug of water, and gathered him a few cherries. When Sigevart had a little recovered his strength, he looked earnestly at the hermit, and perceived that he was a man of about thirty, though at first he had thought him much older; from his manners and conversation, he also judged that he was a person of a good family. The hermit asked him, how he had come to that place. Sigevart told him that in going to a village,

the name of which he had forgotten, he had lost his way in the forest. Since I have been here, continued the hermit, I have never seen a single person, and you undoubtedly perceived my surprise when I discovered you. Do you belong to the university?—Yes, I came from Ingolstadt. —There was now a profound silence between them, for some minutes. Sigevart observed that the hermit was melancholy. He wished much to ask him the cause; but a kind of respectful fear withheld him. At last he said, you must live a very quiet and agreeable life here. **THE HERMIT.** Yes, the place is very well suited to such a life, if a man has nothing on his mind. **SIGEVART.** You are right; it certainly depends more upon the heart; but I think that the farther we are from mankind, the more tranquillity we are likely to enjoy. **THE HERMIT.** But there are a variety of causes which induce people to seek for solitude. **SIGEVART.** The love of repose,

for instance. THE HERMIT. Yes, particularly when we have it not in our own hearts. Then we seek it in retirement. SIGEVART. It is often the case. You may perhaps find the same thing in me. Oh if I dared to relate my misfortunes to you, you might perhaps be able to afford me some relief. Besides I am sure you will not abuse my confidence. THE HERMIT. On the contrary, I shall pity you, and give you all the advice in my power. I shall be very glad to hear your history.—Sigevart related to him all that had passed. The hermit was surprised, and affected. When Sigevart had concluded, he embraced him, and said, you have behaved well, and deserve to be happy. Your adventures are even more distressing than my own. You have gained all my confidence, and tomorrow I will relate to you the history of my life. This evening it is too late; you have need of rest; go into my chamber.—Sigevart was obliged to go into the hermit's cell

and sleep in his bed, though he attempted to excuse himself.—No ceremony, said the hermit, I shall sleep under the arbour—As Sigevart was getting into bed, he perceived the portrait of a young and beautiful woman. He looked at it for a considerable time, by the light of the candle, and thought of Marianne. Full of tender emotions, he went to bed, and, being excessively fatigued, soon fell into a deep sleep. When he awaked in the morning, the sun was already risen above the horizon. He dressed himself, looked at the portrait, and went out of the hut. He found the hermit, sitting in a thoughtful posture upon a bank of grass. He appeared pleased at seeing him, and, after they had prayed together, related to him his history, as he had promised. My birth, said he, is noble; I have been in the army. The portrait hanging in my room, is that of a young lady whom I tenderly loved. Her countenance is the image of her soul. I loved her, as you

love Marianne, and her heart was attached to me, as Marianne's is to you. The war separated me from her. My mother intercepted the letters I wrote to her, and told her that I was unfaithful to her. In consequence of this she fell ill; and when she at length recovered, shut herself up in a convent. These circumstances being communicated to me on my return, I killed my mother in a transport of rage, and my poor girl died.—When Sigevart heard this, Good God, he exclaimed, can you be Theodore? Yes, said the Hermit, do you know me—I know your story; my sister was with your mistress when she died. Unhappy that you are!—Well, said the Hermit, speak, open afresh the wounds of my afflicted heart. Sigevart told him all that his sister had related to him of the young baroness? Alas! cried the Hermit, you must despise and curse me; I deserve all your hatred.—How is it possible, interrupted Sigevart, that I can hate you? You are a man;

who knows how I should have acted in your place?—At these words Theodore embraced him, and after many tears, continued his history. After my mother was killed I took refuge in a forest, overwhelmed with despair, when my servant, who had been seeking for me in vain, found me by accident, and advised me to leave the country. I was at first unwilling to comply; I became gloomy, and twice attempted to drown myself; but was prevented by my servant. After some time, I suffered him to conduct me. We set off one night to save ourselves by flight. The second night, we lost ourselves in this forest, and reached the spot where we now are. The tranquillity which prevailed seemed to suit my situation. I determined to fix my abode here, and got off my horse. My servant thought it was one of those fancies which often came into my head, and that he should be able to dissuade me from it, as he had done before. But when he saw I was in earnest, he asked

me what I meant to do? Nothing, I answered, only to stay here and build a hut. Perceiving that I persisted in this design, he said he would live with me, which I readily agreed to. He went immediately to the nearest village, sold our horses, and bought a few useful tools, and some provisions. The next day we cut down all the lower branches of some trees, which grew in a convenient manner for our purpose, and their trunks served as the chief support of our habitation. We then drove down stakes between them, interwove the whole with reeds and branches of trees, and covered the top in the same manner. We planted the fruit trees you see, raised vegetables of different kinds, and rendered our dwelling every day more comfortable. The peasants in the neighbourhood soon learned that there were two hermits in the forest, and failed not to give a kind reception to my servant Henry, though some traditionary superstition made them afraid to penetrate to our

habitation. I have lived here in tranquillity for ten years. At first I was troubled with various fears. My mother was almost always before my eyes, or else I beheld the image of my beloved mistress. One day I told my faithful servant to return to the city, for that, as he had not committed any crime, he ought not to suffer with me. It was not till after much entreaty, and solely to satisfy me, that he was prevailed upon to leave me. When I was alone, my hermitage appeared much more gloomy; but in time I grew accustomed to it. Six months were elapsed, when one morning I saw Henry come back. I am come sir, said he, to live with you; I cannot be happy in the world, and I beg you will let me stay here. I was delighted to see my faithful Henry again. We lived happily together, till a violent fever, which he contracted three years ago, took him from me for ever. I buried him, and we are now seated upon his grave. Here I await in peace, the

moment when it shall please God, to take me from the world.—He ceased. Sigevart was deeply affected; and both were for some time silent. Sigevart spoke first. If I do not find Marianne, said he, and you will give me leave, I will come and live here with you; for I abhor the very idea of society. Theodote said, he should be rejoiced to have him for a companion. They were yet speaking, when, on a sudden, they heard the noise of some one approaching on horseback. It was Mark. So you are here, cried he, on seeing Sigevart; I am glad of it; and away he rode full speed. Sigevart was astonished. What does this mean, asked the Hermit.—That man is my brother-in-law's servant, but I cannot conceive why he has left us in such a hurry. He had scarcely spoken these words, when they saw him come back with his master: Kronhelm threw himself on Sigevart's neck, embraced him, and said that he had been looking for him, for two days; and that a peasant having men-

tioned a hermitage, where he might perhaps meet with him, and shewing them the way, they had at last found him. Kronhelm also saluted the hermit, and entreated his friend to tell him what had passed. He added, that they were going to the next village, and that he must go with them. Sigevart made at first some objections; but was soon prevailed upon by the entreaties of his friend. He mounted Mark's horse, who went before with the hermit to shew them the way. When they reached the edge of the forest, Sigevart dismounted, embraced Theodore, and promised to come back to him if he did not find Marianne. He then bid him farewell, mounted his horse again, and accompanied Kronhelm. He told him how the Hermit had received him, and the kindness he had shewn him. When they got to the village, Sigevart and Kronhelm retired together to a room, to converse on present circumstances. Kronhelm said that Sigevart must go to his chateau,

to recover his spirits a little after his misfortune. Sigevart opposed it, saying that he was in search of Marianne, and would continue his journey. But Kronhelm remonstrated that it would be of no advantage, if he even discovered the convent in which she was confined. That on the contrary, he would render himself suspected, if he attempted to use violence, and would cut off all other means of succeeding in his enterprise: that it would be much better to let Mark enquire privately, and then according to his information, take the necessary steps to serve Marianne. These reasons convinced Sigevart, and he consented to accompany his friend. Kronhelm gave Mark a horse, and told him what he must do to discover where Marianne was. Sigevart pointed out the village where he had last heard of her, and begged him to be particular in his enquiries. Mark promised to do all in his power, and they parted. Kronhelm and Sigevart went to bed early, and setting off

next morning at day break, arrived as Steinfield in the evening. Theresa had come to meet them, and, as soon as she saw them coming, flew to embrace them. Sigevart's arrival caused great joy at the chateau. All who were there came to salute him, and expressed their satisfaction at seeing him again. Sigevart dreamt all night of Marianne. He saw her approach him in silence, and covered with a long veil. She was pale, and laid her cold hand on his shoulder; then went away, and made a sign to him to follow her. She passed through a dark walk which led to a church-yard. They passed near a grave which was open. She fell into it, and the grave instantly closed. At this moment, Sigevart's agitation caused him to wake. He could not forget this dream, which seemed to forebode something fatal to him; and though Kronhelm and Theresa, did every thing they could think of, they never could erase it from his memory. He waited impatiently for some intelli-

gence concerning Marianne. In a week Mark returned. Kronhelm had given orders, that he should be brought to him, before Sigevart saw him. He came trembling to Kronhelm, and said he had been able to learn nothing of Marianne. Kronhelm desired him to tell Sigevart, that he had yet no certain information, but that he had placed people, to give him the earliest intelligence, and that undoubtedly he should soon hear something. This account made Sigevart rather more easy, though he still continued melancholy. Kronhelm took him out every day, in order to amuse his mind. He took him to the house of Mr. Rothfel's, the gentleman who was to marry Kronhelm's sister Charlotte. He was an agreeable and accomplished young man. He took an interest in Sigevart's misfortunes, and did all he could to divert his attention. One day, when Sigevart was sitting alone in Kronhelm's garden, he asked Mark, who was watering the flowers, if he had had

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any intelligence of Marianne? he answered no; then Sigevart desired him to confess if he expected any? Mark began to cry, and could not help acknowledging that he did not. At this Sigevart burst into an agony of despair; he raised his hands to heaven, and exclaimed, Oh God, she is dead; I have lost her for ever! why could not I die with her? While he was speaking, Kronhelm came up, and asked him what was the matter. I know all, answered Sigevart. Kronhelm strove to console him, and said he had done it to make him easy. Sigevart wished to depart immediately, but his friend prevailed on him to stay another week. One day he said to Theresa, in the presence of her husband, that he would turn hermit. She dissuaded him from it, and said, that if he was determined to quit the world, it would be better for him to become a monk, as he had first intended. Sigevart consented, and said he would settle in the convent of Fullendorff. He was prevented from

putting this plan in immediate execution, by a severe illness which seized Theresa after lying-in. She was in very great danger, and Kronhelm had need of such a friend as Sigevart, to keep him from being entirely overcome by his despair. At length she recovered, and was able to leave her room. One evening, when they were altogether, Rothfels came to see them.—The conversation turning on convents, apropos, said Rothfels, I will tell you something which I heard a few days ago, from a capuchin, named Clement, who is confessor in a convent of nuns. It is about an unfortunate young lady, and has some resemblance to your history. Yesterday, I saw one of the most beautiful and unhappy women I ever met with. She wept bitterly, and I do not think she can live long. She told me she had been put into the convent by force, about three months ago; and that her brother and sister-in-law, who were of very bad dispositions, had taken her there.—It is she! It is she! cried

Sigevart, embracing Rothfels; take me immediately to the capuchin. It was with great difficulty he could be prevailed on to be calm. Rothfels promised to enquire more particularly. Sigevart was rejoiced at this intelligence; he had no doubt that it was Marianne, and waited impatiently for the return of Rothfels. At the end of two days, he came. Sigevart embraced him, and eagerly asked the result of his enquiries. It is she herself, said he; the monk was with me yesterday, and told me that the convent where she was confined was called Masienfield, that her name was Marianne, that she was the daughter of a counsellor at Ingolstadt, and that next year she was to take the veil. This is all I have been able to discover. He also promised me, after much entreaty, to deliver her a letter which I would give him; you have therefore only to write one, and I will have it conveyed to her. Sigevart was transported with joy, and immediately wrote the following letter,

which he gave to Rothfels. You are still living then, my angel, and I have been deceived in lamenting your death. I thank God for not having entirely deprived me of the possibility of seeing you again ; a ray of hope reanimates my drooping existence. You suffer, it is true, but your sufferings will not be of long duration. I shall shortly devise some means to speak to you, and save you. Assist me by your answer ; we are very near each other, as I am at my brother-in-law's. Send me an answer as soon as possible ; you may trust father Clement ; give him your letter, and say it is for Mr. Rothfels. Your relation who lives near Kronhelm, will shortly marry his sister. Keep up your spirits, and believe me eternally yours,

SIGEVART.

The next morning, Rothfels took the letter, promising to deliver it as soon as possible. The hope of speedily seeing Marianne, rendered Sigevart cheerful and happy. One day, as he was going out, he saw Rothfels com-

ing. My dear Sigevart, cried the latter, all will be well, here is a letter from Marianne; Sigevart opened it eagerly. She told him how astonished she had been at her confessor's delivering her a letter from him; that she had suffered severely, during her confinement, being kept very close; that she had thus been prevented from making any attempts to regain her liberty; but desired him to do all he could. She concluded by saying she had only one friend in the convent; and that, even to her, she did not dare to trust implicitly; that her name was Bridget; that he must try to get acquainted with her, but be sure not to let her penetrate the secret of their attachment, as that would entirely destroy their hopes.—Sigevart on reading this letter was affected even to tears, and gave it to Kronhelm. What can I do, said he, to save her? Must I employ art or violence. For God's sake, cried Theresa and Kronhelm at once, do not think of using violent means; you would lose in an

instant what you would never recover! I have been thinking of a scheme, said Rothfels, which I hope may succeed; it is for Sigevart to come to me as a gardener; afterwards I will speak to father Clement to get him admitted in the same capacity into the convent.—All agreed in this idea; and Sigevart promised to do any thing, provided there were no delay.—It was therefore settled in this manner. Sigevart cut his hair, dressed himself as a gardener, and went the next day to Rothfels. As he had been used, when a boy, to work in his father's garden, no one could perceive, or even suspect, that there was any deception. Rothfels informed him how to contrive to get admitted into the convent, and in what manner to proceed afterwards. Some days after, Rothfels came into the garden with father Clement. Sigevart, who was now called George, was there at work. Rothfels made an excuse to leave the father alone, under pretence of business. Sige-

vart came into the walk where the capuchin was, and affected to appear melancholy. What is the matter with you? said the father. Oh sir, answered Sigevart, my master is going to send me away, because his old gardener is coming back; I shall soon be thrown out of employment, and winter is coming. My master says, he cannot afford to keep two gardeners at once. If you could recommend me any where, or get me into your convent, I should be much indebted to you; for I understand my business, and thank God, have always behaved well, as my master will tell you.—The father appeared affected at Sigevart's story, and said he would endeavour to get him a situation. Rothfels came back and joined, as by chance, in the conversation; he spoke highly in praise of George, and begged the father to do what he could to serve him. Clement said, he would mention him at Masienfield, and endeavour to get him received there,

to the very great joy of Sigevart and Rothfels. Three days after, the father returned, and said that the Abbess at Masienfield wished to speak to the gardener George, and that she would undoubtedly hire him. Sigevart, full of hope, went to Masienfield the same day. The Abbess sent for him into the parlour, and, being pleased with his appearance, hired him. Sigevart thanked her, and could scarcely conceal the excess of his joy. When he got into the garden, he looked all round to see if he could perceive Marianne. One day when he was returning from the parlour, where he had been to speak to the Abbess, he saw Marianne, quite pale, and altered. The sight of her rendered him motionless; he changed colour, his voice failed; and when he at last got out, he ran up into his own room, and fell almost insensible on the bed. A torrent of tears came to his relief, and he prayed to God to support and assist him. Going on a Friday to the chapel to mass, he

heard the nuns sing in chorus, and then one of them sang a solo. Sigevart easily distinguished the voice of his Marianne, and left the place immediately, lest the violent emotions he could not conceal should occasion him to be suspected. He soon got acquainted with Bridget, and spoke to her about the different ladies in the convent. She told him various circumstances respecting them, and sometimes mentioned Marianne, though seldom. She informed him, that she was always melancholy. Sigevart, who did not think proper to trust entirely to Bridget, wrote a letter to Rothfels, that he might send it by father Clement. One day in autumn the nuns went with the Abbess into the garden to walk. Sigevart, while at work, was singing a song of his own making. That is very pretty, said the Abbess, when he had finished it. Sigevart, who had not perceived them, was surprised, and stood speechless before the Abbess, with his hat in his hand. His confusion

increased still more, when behind the shrubs, he perceived his dear Marianne. The Abbess thought his agitation was occasioned by their coming upon him so suddenly, and went away; at which Sigevart was greatly rejoiced. Marianne too, on her side, had great difficulty to conceal her emotion. Bridget was frequently with Sigevart, and gained more and more of his confidence. He sought for an opportunity of speaking to her about Marianne, and at last found one. As the weather began to grow colder, he was to put all the tender plants into the green-house. Bridget had the keys, and was with him when he put all in order. When she was alone with him, she spoke to him more openly, and by degrees discovered to him the inclination she had to abandon the convent, and fly with him. Sigevart was delighted at this circumstance, and gave her some hopes. At last he asked her, if there was not in the convent the daughter of a counsellor Fischer at Ingolstadt;

that he wished much to speak to her, having some important information to communicate to her from her father, with whom he had lived six years. Bridget made some objection at first, fearing he would be discovered; but in the end he pressed her so much, that she consented to procure him an interview with her the following night. Sigevart, in the transport of his joy, embraced Bridget, who did not attempt to hinder him. He set himself to work to contrive some means of conveying Marianne from the convent; but none of his schemes satisfied him, and for this time he was forced to content himself with speaking to her. At length the night, so long desired, arrived. At ten o'clock, the nuns were all gone to bed. Sigevart waited for Marianne, at a door that opened into the garden. Presently it opened gently, and she appeared. He clasped her tenderly in his arms; Oh Marianne! Oh Sigevart! they could say no more. When they were a little recovered,

Sigevart said; how happy am I, to see you thus again; soon you will be mine for ever. What have you been doing since we parted?—Alas! she replied, I have been borne down by grief; two or three times I have been extremely ill. Oh my dear Sigevart, without you I should be lost. You cannot think what I have suffered, but your presence restores me to life again.—Have a few days patience, my dear girl, and all will be well.—He pressed her to his bosom, while she sobbed violently, and could only articulate the name of Sigevart. At the end of half an hour, they separated reluctantly, fearing that Bridget, who stood at the door to watch, would grow impatient at their delay. When she saw Marianne so much afflicted, she said to her, you have received some very melancholy intelligence concerning your father—Yes, replied she—Sigevart went to his room, to bed, but his agitation entirely prevented him from sleeping. Next day he spoke to Bridget, who

told him that Marianne, was very much affected, and that he must have given her some very unpleasant intelligence. Yes, said Sigevart, she suffers very much. Contrive that I may speak to her now and then, perhaps I may have better news for her; then we will contrive a plan to escape from this place. Here he took her hand, and gently pressed it; she was charmed at it, and promised to do whatever he pleased. Some days after, he told Bridget, that he had some good news for Marianne; he therefore desired she would let him see her, and in the mean time give her a note to comfort her, which contained, he said, an account of her father's affairs. Bridget took it, promised to give it to Marianne, and to bring her in the evening into the garden. She still held it in her hand, when the Abbess suddenly appeared in one of the walks near them. Bridget concealed the letter hastily, and went to speak to the Abbess. Sigevart went away, greatly alarmed,

lest she should have observed the letter, and insist on seeing it. It contained these words.—The hour of your deliverance approaches. This night we shall meet never to part more. Bridget will lead you at ten o'clock to the place, whence we are to escape. Conceal your joy, and pray to God to give you strength. Burn this, as soon as you have read it. —Sigevert knew not how to act. Twice he was going to throw himself at the Abbess's feet, to confess the whole, and ask her pardon, and then he thought that perhaps she had not read the letter. He was tormenting himself in this manner, when he saw Bridget coming with tears in her eyes. He ran to her, and asked if the Abbess had read the letter? No, she replied; but I do not know what you have written to Marianne; she fainted away, and is still very indifferent. Be in the garden at ten o'clock, she will come, if she finds herself sufficiently recovered. But when

shall we go? Sigevert promised to set off the next day, and made her easy. He now made all the necessary preparations. He wrote to Rothfels to be ready with his carriage at ten o'clock near the garden wall, and went to the village to find some one to carry the letter. He fortunately met a servant of Rothfels, and desired him to give his master the letter immediately. He had had the precaution to conceal a ladder, in the part of the garden where they were to get over the wall. He returned late to the convent, where he spoke to Bridget, who told him with tears, that Marianne was still very ill, but that she hoped, she would be able to come into the garden at ten o'clock. He went to his room, and prayed to God, for his assistance. When it was dark he went into the garden, placed the ladder against the wall, and expected with impatience the appearance of Marianne. The night was dark and stormy. At nine he perceived that all the lights were put

out in the convent. Soon after he heard a noise on the other side of the wall, and mounting the ladder, perceived a carriage, with a person on horseback by the side of it, and saw somebody placing a ladder against the wall. At last ten o'clock struck, and the door of the convent opened. A woman came hastily out. He thought it was Marianne, and ran up to her trembling all over; but alas! it was Bridget. Good God! she exclaimed, Marianne is at the point of death; retire as fast as possible. At that instant three or four nuns ran precipitately into the garden. Bridget shrieked violently. Sigevart ran to the ladder, mounted it, and kicking it down, descended on the other side. Let us fly, he exclaimed, she is dead. Two servants conducted him to the carriage, and took away the ladder. Is there nobody else? asked the man on horseback. No, cried Sigevart, let us be gone. The carriage drove off at full speed, and Sigevart fainted away. When they had got about a league, the man on horseback de-

sired one of the servants to take the horse, and got himself into the carriage. It was Rothfels. Where is Marianne? said he. She is dead, she is dead, answered Sigevart. Rothfels ordered the coachman to drive to Steinfield, where they arrived at two o'clock in the morning. They waked, as softly as possible, the servant who slept on the ground floor, for fear of disturbing Kronhelm and Theresa. Sigevart was put to bed, where he remained till morning in a kind of lethargy. When he awoke he saw he was at Steinfield. The transactions of the preceding night appeared to him as a dream. But soon the real truth appeared to his mind, and he then felt but too severely the loss he had just experienced. The idea that Marianne was no more, returned with double force. Oh God! he exclaimed; throwing himself on his knees, since thou hast taken her from me, permit me at least to follow her. Oh Marianne, Marianne, two days ago I pressed thee to my bosom,

and now thou art torn from me for ever!—Kronhelm, who had been informed by Rothfels of what had passed, came into the room. Sigevart looked at him attentively for some moments; then rising, he threw himself into the arms of his friend. Neither of them could speak. A torrent of tears flowed from Sigevart's eyes; he looked at Kronhelm, and begged him to lend him a suit of black. It was brought, and Sigevart dressed himself in deep mourning. He desired then to speak to Theresa. Kronhelm was unwilling to disturb her, as she was still asleep; but unable to resist the entreaties of his friend, he went first to acquaint his wife, with her brother's misfortune. As Theresa finished dressing, Sigevart entered. He took her in his arms, and wept bitterly; and, when he grew a little more calm, gave her an exact account of all that had happened. Rothfels had sent Mark, to Masienfield, to enquire secretly, if a young lady had died there. He came back the next

day, and brought word, that a young lady had just died, and that Bridget had been removed from her place, and confined, no one knew wherefore. They took care not to tell this to Sigevart, for fear of rousing his grief afresh, and he did not make any enquiries. They knew not what to do to divert his attention; if they spoke to him he scarcely answered; he only wept. He asked Kronhelm if he had written, as he had requested, to the father provincial, to know whether he could take the habit of a monk, and what answer he had received. Kronhelm told him he had written, and that he might go to Fullendorff. He also gave him a letter from father Anthony. Sigevart read it with eagerness. After a long pause, he asked Kronhelm, if he would lend him his carriage to go the next day to Fullendorff. Already, said his friend, with surprise? Yes, answered he, I have suffered enough in this world; it is time for me to leave it.—Kronhelm told his wife that her brother intended

to go away next day. Theresa was sorry, but did not dare attempt to detain him. Every thing necessary was got ready for his journey; and Kronhelm, his wife, her brother, and Rothfels, supped together for the last time. At table no one spoke for some time. Sigevart was the first to break silence. My dear friends, said he, in a low voice, do not weep so; my misery will soon end. You, Kronhelm and Theresa, have suffered much, and now your sufferings are over. Marianne too is now happy. Why should I alone be so long unhappy?....Must I then console you? you who have done so much for me? and particularly you, my dear Rothfels, who were present at what passed last night, a night which will ever live in my remembrance? If it had depended on you, I should now be happy. God has ordained it otherwise, and I murmur not against his decrees. Console yourselves then, my dear friends, and be assured that the hand of the Almighty will

speedily relieve me from all my afflictions.—After supper, Sigevart begged his sister to spare him and herself the pain of taking leave, to which she with much difficulty consented. The next morning, before his departure, he went into the room where Kronhelm's child was sleeping, and after kissing it tenderly, and praying for it's happiness, retired lest he should awake it by his sobs. At four o'clock he set off in the carriage with Kronhelm. As he went along he was more calm than could have been imagined. The idea of the convent occupied him entirely, and the hopes of a speedy death consoled him. Kronhelm advised him, not to relate his history in the convent, as it might perhaps injure him. Sigevart promised, but added, except to father Anthony; I cannot conceal any thing from him. They reached the convent in the afternoon. Kronhelm sent the porter to the father Superior to announce their arrival. He was rejoiced to see Sigevart again; I

thought, said he, you had quite forgotten us ; for father Philip has had no intelligence of you. Sigevart blushed : for ever since his thoughts had been engrossed by his passion for Marianne he had neglected to write to any of his friends. Kronhelm who saw his embarrassment, said, it was true ; but that he had suffered a great deal, and though he had not written, he by no means had forgotten the convent. While they were speaking, the good father Anthony, who had been informed of Sigevart's arrival, came into the room. As soon as the latter saw him, he ran up to him, and threw himself into his arms. Kronhelm passed the night in the convent. After settling every thing with the father Superior, he went with father Anthony, and his friend, to walk in the garden. Sigevart recalled to mind the pleasure he had formerly enjoyed there. But now all seemed changed ; and his sorrow prevented him from speaking. Kronhelm and father Anthony, who walk-

ed on each side of him, were also silent; the one was transported with joy at seeing Sigevart again, and the other overwhelmed with grief, at the thoughts of leaving his only friend, without having it in his power to afford him consolation. The next morning Kronhelm went to Sigevart's room to take leave of him. He attempted to speak, but something appeared to restrain him. At last Sigevart began himself. Theresa, said he, is waiting for you, remember me to her, and dry your tears; my sorrows will soon have an end. Farewell, I thank you for all your kindness....His eyes overflowed with tears, and he tenderly embraced his friend. Adieu, said Kronhelm, come frequently to see us, and God give you strength. With difficulty he tore himself from the arms of his friend, to depart. Sigevart attended him to the carriage, where Kronhelm embraced him once more, and parted. Sigevart ran to father Anthony's cell, and there gave free vent to his grief

and tears. The father did not attempt to check him. Forgive me, said Sigevart, I do not regret the world, it has nothing to attach me to it. I have suffered too much. I will tell you all, but not at present; now, I can only weep. Be comforted, my son, said father Anthony; here you will find repose. I too have had many sufferings, which I will relate to you. The misfortunes of others, are a consolation to the unhappy. Sigevart returned to his cell, and thought of Marianne. Oh God! said he, in a cell more confined than this, my poor Marianne suffered for my sake with patience, and ended her days. I will bear my afflictions with the same patience that she did; on this bed I will breathe my last sigh, and then go to join her in a happier place.The Superior and the other fathers shewed Sigevart all possible kindness. In the same cell with him were two other novices. One of them, named Porphyry, was of a lively impetuous disposition; he was formed rather to

command than to obey, and would have made a better officer than monk; but his father, who had many children, and a small fortune, esteemed himself happy in being able to place his son in a convent. The other novice, named Isidore, was a weak, simple young man, who passed his life, without thinking of any thing. His mother, who was a bigot, had designed him for a monk from his infancy, and by never talking to him of any thing else, had persuaded him that, with a little pains, he would become a saint. Neither of these two young men at all suited Sigevart. One of them was too gay, and was always relating the tricks he played when he was at the university: the other slept the greatest part of the day, or spent it in doing nothing. Sigevart spent his time in writing, or in the company of father Anthony. The same day he related to him his unhappy history. The good old man, though dead to the world, was affected with the misfortunes of his friend; and seemed to be

much interested about Marianne. When he had ended his story, the father said to him, my dear child I do not blame you for loving; 'tis the impulse of nature; yet I think you were wrong in making the church a place of rendezvous, and thinking of it only when Marianne was there.—I know, my dear Sigevart, that your heart had no share in this want of attention to God; your too great sensibility was the occasion of it. You have now, it is true, chosen the monastic life, but it is not with the ardent inclination which you formerly had; 'tis rather from a kind of constraint. Oh my son, if your heart be really consecrated to God, you should look upon the convent, not as a place of retirement from the world, when all hope of succeeding in it is lost, but as a sacrifice which we make to God of the pleasures of youth. Sigevart was touched with what the venerable father said to him. He clasped his hands together, and cast his eyes up

towards heaven. Excuse me, my father, he exclaimed, and thou oh God forgive me, if I have involuntarily offended thee.—He left father Anthony, penetrated with what had passed, and from that time appeared more calm. One evening when they were alone, the father related to him the history of his life, without reserve. Sigevart listened with such attention that he sometimes forgot his own misfortunes. He could not conceive how any man had been able to survive such accumulated sufferings, and still less how he could have endured them with such tranquillity. For my part, said he, I do not think I can long survive my misfortunes. My dear Xavier, replied the father, when we are young, and not yet familiarised with sorrow, we feel every thing sensibly, and have too little confidence in providence. But the world would be ill constituted my son, if all those young people, who are persecuted by sorrow, were under the necessity of dying under it. I

agree that you must be much affected by the loss of Marianne; but you must strive to think of her with less emotion. God, who has taken her from you, can also restore her to you; and your soul will surely find peace, if you zealously fulfil the duties of your situation. Sigevart sighed, and promised to be patient. After he had been some time in the convent, his mourning dress was changed for the habit of a capuchin, and he commenced his noviciate, under the name of George. He bore all patiently, and endeavoured not to think of Marianne. Porphyry, on the contrary, complained of his slavery, and said he would not stay beyond the six months. Sigevart strove to encourage him, and told him to be more calm, but his remonstrances were in vain.—He then tried if he should have more influence on the indolent Isidore, who also complained of the difficulty of performing what he was required; but his advice, was of as little avail as in the former in-

stance. In the spring, father Anthony, with the permission of the Superior, took him with him, to ask alms, and to preach to the people. He soon acquired the love of the peasants, because he spoke to them with mildness and candour. He did not, in order to excite their pity, attempt to inspire them with any superstitious notions, as too many of his colleagues did, but gained their hearts by his probity. He was known in general by the name of the kind father George. Yet nothing could restore tranquillity to his wounded mind. Even the spring, and the revival of nature had no charms for him. When his eyes were closing in a gentle slumber, he raised his soul to God, and prayed that he might speedily be taken to eternal rest. Kronhelm came sometimes to see him. He was alarmed at his pale and emaciated appearance, and tried every means to persuade him to leave the convent, and not hurry himself to the grave. Sigevart was not to be prevailed upon;

on the contrary, he rejoiced at the opinion of his friend, that he was hastening to the tomb. Rothfels also invited him to come to his wedding; but he declined it, and wrote him a most affectionate letter, in which he described the unhappy state of his mind. He grew every day more melancholy. Father Anthony was the only person with whom he conversed. A fire having happened in a convent of nuns at Adlingen, father Hildebrand related, that he had seen many of the nuns who had been hurt by it, at the convent of Bergkirch, where he was confessor; and one in particular, who was very young, and seemed to suffer severely. At the description which he gave of this nun, Sigevart could not restrain his tears; he thought of his Marianne who was dead, and was obliged to leave the table, and retire to his cell, to hide his emotion. The year of his noviciate was nearly expired, when the father Superior died, and the father Provincial happening to be at that

time at the convent, appointed the venerable father Anthony to succeed him. He also spoke to Sigevart, who soon gained his esteem : he promised that, when he was sent upon any mission, he should never be separated long together from father Anthony. When his noviciate was ended he publicly took the vows. Kronhelm and Rothfels were present at the ceremony, and staid to dinner. Sigevart spoke little, and his eyes were always filled with tears. His two friends looked at him with compassion. When they retired, Sigevart embraced Kronhelm, and pressed him to his bosom. My friend, said he, I perceive clearly, that you feel all the weight of my affliction ; but soon all will be better, and your friendship will always be dear to me. Remember me to my sister, but do not vex her by telling her the situation I am in. Kronhelm could not answer, and was forced to tear himself from him. Rothfels also bid him adieu, with many tears. At the end of six

months the father provincial, desiring to have him nearer to him, removed him to another convent, about eight leagues from Fullendorff. He obeyed without murmuring, though he was grieved to quit father Anthony. He was now more melancholy and retired than when at Fullendorff. He thought only of Marianne, and nothing could console him. Father Anthony sometimes wrote to him, and his letters were those of a tender father to a beloved and unfortunate child. Sigevart suffered much by being removed from father Anthony; but did not dare to mention it to the father provincial. All these things together impaired his health, and for near six months he was almost in a dying state. Kronhelm came frequently to see him, and he comforted them by saying, that he was in the last stage of his misery. Father Anthony too frequently visited him, when his occupations would permit, and they never parted, but with tears in their eyes. One day the father provincial

said to him, you are doubtless desirous of being near father Anthony? I will use all my influence for that purpose. In a few months, a priest of our order is to be ordained at Salzbouurg; if you are well enough at that time, as I hope you will, I will send you to take orders. You may then go to see father Anthony, and return to Fullendorff, if you please. Sigevart thanked him, and his joy at this intelligence, contributed very much to the recovery of his health. At the appointed time he accordingly went to Salzbouurg, where he received priest's orders, and then returned immediately to Fullendorff. He now preached frequently, and acquired the esteem of all who heard him. But when he was alone, he thought of Marianne; or, if he administered the last sacrament to the dying, he envied their happiness, and wished himself in their place. He had now been four years in the convent, and his sorrow was become a fixed melancholy. He grew thin,

and had not he led a very regular life, must have long before sunk under his afflictions. One very hot day in summer, he went to walk in the garden with father Anthony. They went into the little grove, where after they had been seated for some time, the old man fell a sleep. Sigevart who was unable to sleep, saw a storm rising in the west. He awaked father Anthony, to return to the house; but the storm coming on very rapidly they were forced to stay. A violent tempest came on, the flames of the lightning, which covered the whole sky, the redoubled peals of thunder, and the immense quantities of dust, which rising to the clouds obscured the air, filled with terror the minds of the two monks, who threw themselves on their knees to pray. When the storm ceased, they left the grotto, in order to return to the convent. As they were walking towards it, they met a man from the convent of Bergkirch, who asked to speak to the Superior. Father Anthony took

him aside, to hear what he had to communicate; and then coming up to Sigevart, who was walking slowly before them, my dear friend, said he, I have a request to make to you. There is a nun at Bergkirch, who is dying, and wants a confessor; I wish you to go there immediately, for father Hildebrand is ill. Sigevart readily consented. As he went along his heart beat violently, for he thought of Marianne. He reached the convent in the evening. He desired to see the abbess, and told her that the Superior had sent him to confess the nun, because father Hildebrand was ill. He was shewn into the cell. The nun was lying on a bed, and two others standing by her. When they saw the confessor enter they retired. Sigevart sat down by the bed side to hear the invalid's confession... Gracious heavens! What voice was that? Oh Marianne, Marianne, art thou still alive? is it thou whom I clasp once more to my heart. Yes, said she, with a falter-

ing voice, yes Sigevart, I am thy Marianne. He took the lamp from the table, and held it over her loved countenance. It was she herself. She was wasted almost to a shadow, and those cheeks, once the abode of health and beauty, were o'erspread with the languid paleness of approaching dissolution. She tenderly raised towards him her expiring eyes. He set down the lamp, and again pressed her to his bosom.—You were deceived, said she, taking some loose papers from her bosom, read these—Oh Sigevart! Sigevart!...I die....do thou follow soon.—She spoke a few words more, which Sigevart did not hear, because he had fainted away in the chair.—At the end of two hours, the nuns, impatient at the confessor's staying so long, entered the room. They found Marianne dead upon the bed, and Sigevart stretched out upon the chair with scarcely any signs of life. The nuns were alarmed; they knew not what this could mean, and carried Sigevart into another room,

where they laid him upon a bed. During the whole night, he had continual faintings. The next morning word was sent to the convent; father Anthony came himself. Oh heavens, he exclaimed, when he entered the room, what has happened to you Sigevart?—Nothing; he replied, in a feeble voice. Father Anthony desired to be left alone with him. Sigevart told him, that the nun he had confessed was Marianne,—Is she still alive, said he, looking at the father?—No, answered the latter, she reposes in the abode of the blessed—Thank God, cried Sigevart; I hope soon to follow her—where am I, asked he, afterwards?—In the convent.—What, so near her?—Father Anthony sent for a physician, who said that he could not live above five or six days. Sigevart desired to see Kronhelm and his sister, who were sent for accordingly. He had now recovered some little strength, and was sitting in an arm chair when his friends came in. They approached

him in tears, and sat down by him. In the mean time, father Anthony, who had not left him a moment, retired, to go back to his convent. When Kronhelm and Theresa were a little recovered, Sigevart related what had passed between him and Marianne, and gave them the papers he had received from her. Kronhelm read them in a trembling voice. They were all addressed to Sigevart, and contained the history of her life in the convent, from the time of his flight. The following is the substance of them. Bridget had acquainted the abbess with every thing; she had told her who the gardener was, and his design of carrying off Marianne, who was immediately confined. Bridget was obliged to tell the gardener, that she was unwell, but to promise notwithstanding to bring her into the garden in the evening. As the nuns knew what family he belonged to, and feared he might be supported by some persons of rank, they did not dare to have him confin-

ed. They endeavoured for this reason, to find some means of making him quit the convent of his own accord; and therefore obliged Bridget to give him the intelligence of Marianne's pretended death. The evening that she was to have been carried off, the abbess placed herself in one of the walks of the garden, with three or four nuns, to see how all passed. As soon as he was gone they spread reports of her death, in order to deter him from making any further enquiries. Bridget, was however, displaced, and Marianne removed to another convent, which having been set on fire some time afterwards, she was taken to Bergkirch. When Kronhelm had done reading, Sigevart, who had cried the whole time, was so weak that he was obliged to be put to bed. He did not speak much, but he was less melancholy, for the hope of soon seeing Marianne again consoled him. The idea of leaving his friends was what most affected him. Father Anthony, who had returned, was constantly by

his bed side. In the evening being a little better, he was sitting near the window, when he heard a noise below, and looking out, saw that they were burying Marianne. At this sight he fainted, and fell into his sister's arms. He was carried back to bed, where he remained several hours, in a state of insensibility. At length he opened his eyes, and said, Theresa, is there a cross upon the grave!—Yes, my dear brother—Well then, I must request you to make a crown of cypress and bring it to me, and, when I have moistened it with my tears, place it over her grave. Theresa brought him the crown, and he laid it on the bed. Next day, Kronhelm and father Anthony asked the physician, how much longer he thought he might live? longer than I at first imagined, said he; he has a strong constitution, and if he has not some violent attack, he may live six or seven days longer. They determined to remove him to his own convent, that he might not have Ma.

rienne's grave continually before his eyes. When they proposed it to him, he at first refused to consent, but afterwards yielded to their earnest entreaties. Towards the evening he fell into a deep sleep. During this time the physician came, and finding that his pulse beat regularly, said there were some hopes, and desired he might not be disturbed. Kronhelm went away with the physician, as no man could be permitted to pass the night in the convent, and Theresa was left alone with her brother. . When she found he was asleep, she went to her own room, imagining that she could hear there all that passed in her brother's, but she was so fatigued and worn out with distress, that she was unable to keep herself awake. Sigevart slept till ten o'clock, when he was awaked by an agreeable dream; he thought that Marianne stood by him, and made a sign to him to follow her, and he was so agitated when he awoke, that he fancied he could see her near the window. He rose and went up

to it. The moon piercing now and then through the clouds, cast her faint rays on Marianne's grave. On a sudden he thought he would go to it. He took the crown, which his sister had made for him, opened the door softly, and passing through the passages, found a door which led into the burying ground. He threw himself upon the grave, embraced the cross, and hung upon it the crown which he held in his hand. Oh Marianne, Marianne, he exclaimed, behold me upon thy grave! why cannot I die with thee my angel, why cannot I possess thee this moment. The violent agitation he was thrown into, and the sudden chill, caused him to faint away upon the grave. Theresa did not wake till one o'clock, and immediately hastened to her brother; but what was her alarm when she found the door open? She entered trembling into the room, and went up to the bed; alas! her brother was no longer there.—Sige-vart! my brother! my dearest Sige-

var! she shrieked out aloud. Two nuns came in on hearing her cries—He is gone! Good God! where is he? All were alarmed, and ran about looking for him, crying out, where can he be? On the grave, said one of the nuns, who had gone up to the window to see if she could perceive any thing of him. They all ran down into the church-yard, and found the young man dead on the grave of Marianne, whom he had always loved, and to whom he remained faithful to his latest breath.—They carried him into the room, and sent for Kronhelm; he threw himself on the dead body of his friend, and remained motionless. Next morning father Anthony came. He entered the cell, clasped his hands together in silence, and raised to heaven his eyes bathed in tears; then took the hand of Sigevart, and pressing it, exclaimed; Oh my dear Sigevart, the martyr of love. Oh Sigevart, Sigevart, whom I loved because thou wast good and affectionate, at length thou

hast seen the end of all thy sufferings!
—The next day the body was carried to Fullendorff, where it was buried. Kronhelm was too much afflicted to be able to attend the funeral; but he and his wife wept for their brother, whose loss they have never ceased to lament, for his image is always present to their imagination. Father Anthony followed him six months after, and entered that hallowed land, the abode of humanity and love, where all the unhappy find at length their consolation and their reward.

THE END.

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